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Editorial

Why Carter's redemption shouldn't be based on Canada's natural gas

By Peter C. Newman

His televised plea for redemption and all of the political vaudeville that followed (see page 28) seemed as just why Jimmy Carter is turning himself into the U.S.'s most ineffectual post-war president. Lacking the magic of a Kennedy, the boomster charm of a Johnson or even the friendly vacuousness of a Gerald Ford, he has relied on petulant self-righteousness to try to revive the American Dream. (Richard Nixon at least could be genuinely cloying on TV and he was anything but ineffectual; the damage he did was very real.)

Carter's speech—an attempt to reach over the heads of a Congress he has managed to alienate on nearly every one of his legislative initiatives—sounded grand and virtuous. Yet it contained few insights, no memorable phrases, and something less than a workable solution to his country's horrendous energy shortage.

Carter's \$300-billion scheme to resolve this crisis has a couple of interesting aspects. One of the key proposals calls for the immediate establishment of a federal corporation to develop major new energy sources. This sounds suspiciously like the mandate of Petrocan, which Joe Clark is curiously bent on destroying. Most industrialized nations have come to realize that energy is too vital a business to be left entirely to the private sector. (If the prime minister ever shelve his intended embassy transfer to Jerusalem



by appointing Bob Stanfield to evictinate the issue, why not recruit Paul Martin, the great test, obfuscator of them all, to study Petrocan?)

More serious was Carter's determination to limit OPEC oil imports at 1977 levels, accompanied by his insistence on completion of the Alaska pipeline, pledging that its output combined with exports of Canadian gas "could displace 700,000 barrels of imported oil a day in the United States by 1982."

This assumes an awful lot. It assumes, first of all, that we have a disposable surplus. Even though the National Energy Board sanctioned the export of two trillion cubic feet of natural gas last February, the Ottawa experts also predicted that setting aside enough gas for use in Quebec and the Maritimes (which now depend on imports of oil) would deplete our national gas supplies by 1980. Canada's oil production is now forecast to begin declining in the late 1980s.

One difference between the two countries is that the U.S. obtains only 25 per cent of its energy supplies from gas and oil (with coal still providing an astonishing 45 per cent of the heat), while Canada with its colder climate depends on petroleum products for 65 per cent of energy requirements.

If we bargain off our reserves for short-term gains, some Canadian prime minister in the not-too-distant future will find himself bravely pleading into a television camera, mouthing a desperate Carter-like appeal.

Maclean's

JULY 30, 1979

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It is best seen as a warning of what the future holds for Canada—but for the United States, it's the very real possibility. "We're just sitting down here wondering whether we should scrap asked," joked a spokesman at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in mid-July, as the federal government's all-saving plan went into effect. (All public buildings, except hospitals, schools and hotel guest rooms, must keep their thermostats at a sticky 70°F (21°C) during the summer and a cool 65°F (17°C) during the winter.) So, while most Americans would prefer to go through summer sweating along with the rest of the conditions, they are now learning to live without that comforting strand except in their own homes.

The regulations are likely to do a lot more than modest a few brown. For businesses, the guidelines are far from a laughing matter. "Obviously, I wish this hadn't happened," says George Kelly, president of the Chicago store division of Marshall Field & Company. Retailers would not only that higher temperatures will keep people away, but that perspiration stains will discolor items tried on in the store. Alternatively, retailers might increase markedly as customers prefer to try on their purchases in the air-conditioned comfort of their homes, to which the new temperature regulations do not apply. (While hotel rooms are exempted from the regulations, the public meeting rooms, ballrooms and restaurants in hotels are not.) Expense account executives are not hunting a dry market to the regulations either. "When it's 90° (32°C) outside, nobody will stay—nobody," said New York restaurateur John Karpman. "After that I don't know what is going to happen to my business."

Not all businessmen, however, are panicking. In Richmond, Virginia, Robert Swenson, who owns a company that makes the kind of ceiling fans immortalized in the movie *Cool World*, sees nothing but good news. "This kind of regulation just can't be bad for ceiling fans," he notes. "Our business has been steadily increasing."

Fanning a hot debate

Despite fears of a perspiration-drenched summer, Dr. Ralph Goldman, an expert on the effects of temperature changes on people at work, points out that 70° is far from unbearable. "It's really the upper limit of what we call the comfort zone," he says. "If people

dress properly, it really shouldn't be that much of a problem." For women, proper dress includes the sunny summer garb that is already de rigueur on most city streets, but for men a real departure from buttoned-down, Brooks Brothers' best is in order. "If American men followed the practice in Australia of going to work in t-shirts, in short-sleeved shirts and Bermuda shorts, they will feel the heat far less," says Goldman.

Experts point out that men and women will react differently to the new temperature standards. "Men tend to do better in hot, wet environments and women fare a bit better in hot, dry climates," says Goldman. He explains that men perspire more readily than women, due both to their larger body surface and to the subcutaneous layer of fat that insulates women's bodies. But that

extra layer of fat, the base of every dieter's existence, provides women with more protection than men against extreme cold. "There's no doubt," women defend against cold much better than they do against heat," says Dr. Jan Stolewyk, an epidemiologist at Yale University.

Every kind of defense is going to be necessary to help adjust to winter thermostats set at 65°. "I think it's fairly foolhardy to go that low," says Stolewyk. He recalls all experiments in which offices were cooled to 68°. "A lot of the heat saving was negated when people just went out and bought tiny portable heaters."

Short of portable heaters, the best suggestion is to bundle up. Men will probably be comfortable in formal business suits of wool suit with vest and long socks, but, according to Goldman, "Women, who usually wear lighter clothing than men are going to have to put on so many layers that they'll look like cold bears." Some women, that is, Elise fashion designer Bill Ryan gives to real adjustments in his costume collection. "Most affluent people live where the weather is warm," he adds, "or else they get out of the cold by the first of November."

Rita Christopher



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Putting a roof over a love affair with canoes

The tourist from Leominster was staring, understandable behavior in a museum, but this was a state of recognition, of understanding. His eyes were fixed on one vessel in the largest and finest collection of canoes in the world, the treasures of the Kanawa International Museum near Dorset, Ontario. The mental connection made, he piped up: "I know where there's a Canadian canoe!" It turned out that he owned a beautiful wooden craft, made near Peterborough, Ontario, decades ago. Kirk Wipperfurth, president of the museum, offered a trade, the deal was made, and his huge collection of boats was once again expanded.

It seems appropriate during the tremendous flurry of interest in canoeing, that Canadians have generated in the past several years (see box), that the ancestors of the new plastic models are being collected and restored. Canadians who, every school, historical museum, draining away to the United States may take comfort that Kanawa (Caribou canoe) has a network of sharp-eyed

antiquarians locating valuable canoes across the United States—in garages, museums, even at the bottoms of rivers—and are bringing them back to Canada. However, the museum is one of those Canadian works that occur under a Mission of modesty, the sort of place where American visitors say, "If they had that down in the States, they'd get so many people." "The relative anonymity is understandable, given the lack of publicity there has never been an official opening and its out-of-the-way location."

But what the museum lacks in fanfare it makes up for in remarkable fit. The main force behind Kanawa comes from Wipperfurth, a powerful and remarkably fit man who has spent most of his 55 years paddling, studying and collecting canoes from around the world. The University of Toronto professor created Kanawa 22 years ago after being struck by the enormous appeal that old canoes hold for many people. And, in a quiet way perhaps fitting for canoes, the museum has become a smashing success



Wooden canoe (left), Kirk Wipperfurth and three Indian canoes (right), wood and bark (right), high and dry and home forever

It's now home for about 600 canoes, kayaks, dugouts and various other paddle-powered craft on display in a pair of impressive log buildings set in a dense pine forest.

Wipperfurth's love of the canoe extends

Paddle power to the masses: the new lily-dippers

There was a time in this country when the lily-dipper, drive and pry have lost their mystique. The members of the lily-dipper were left through their ability not only to paddle a canoe well, but to some the strokes they were using. That at a time when most Canadians considered themselves paddlers if they could get from A to B, they sought and pined for it the same time. But in the last five to 10 years a proper boom in the sport has changed all that.

The boom didn't startling, shishooners will tell you that Canadians earned 198,000 canoes in 1977 (last count)—a jump of \$4 per canoe in three years. Manufacturers will agree and say that people are willing to part with more than \$700 for plastic canoes. And the lily-dippers of the 50s and 60s complain about heavy traffic on the portages. Like most modern toys, this one has brought a sudden surge of interest on the

technical side of the sport. J-shake drive and pry have lost their mystique. The members of the lily-dipper were left through their ability not only to paddle a canoe well, but to some the strokes they were using. That at a time when most Canadians considered themselves paddlers if they could get from A to B, they sought and pined for it the same time. But in the last five to 10 years a proper boom in the sport has changed all that.

First Schroeder says it was only a decade of years ago that you could have pulled out his Kikewy Outfitters still south of Sudbury, Ontario, seen on a weekend and rented one of the 20 canoes without notice. Today he has twice the number of

White-water canoeists of any "drive" and "U-shake"

boats, but if you want one you had better reserve a week or two ahead and please send along a deposit. And across the country everyone from package-tour operators to paddle-masters is doing a lot of the weekend one Canadian in five who is a lily-dipper.

The new breed seems dominated toward competitive paddling. Trippers prepared to set off into the lake country for weeks on end are more numerous, and the great majority seem to be those who simply like to go out for short spins on the lake and pond. But at any level of ability, the sensation of near-weightlessness and delicate balance of a canoe can produce a joy all its own. As for the great Canadian question—"Can you make money in a canoe?"—the statistics are as nothing at all about this new canoeist.



bought in the 1980s and '90s by American collectors. He is currently negotiating with the San Diego Museum of Man for a group of four canoes, including a Hawaiian dugout, an outrigger from the Philippines, a dugout found off California by a bus, built in 1947 and a bark canoe that the museum cannot identify—but Wipperfurth can. Working from photographs, he concludes, "It's a Canadian canoe—Chippewyan, Algonquian or Slave Indian. You can tell from the high stern. It's a canoe that was used in a big water, probably Lake Athabasca or Great Slave Lake." Antique canoes are by no means cheap. Over 90-foot dugout with a spectacular sheershead, carved by Nooka Indians in British Columbia, is worth more than \$20,000. Another, a Tanka canoe from Southern California, cost \$10,000.

After years in bookshelves and garages, many of the canoes the Kanawa boys have been nibbled by time, weather, bugs and birds. It is Rick Nash, an expert in restoring canoes, who has the job of erasing the years of damage

Nash moved to Canada from New Hampshire, where he worked with an American canoe expert, Henry Vallin-court. Vallin-court has devoted his life to preserving the bark canoe. He makes them with the tools and materials the Indians used, lashing them together with the split roots of spruce and white pine—never using a screw, a nail or a rivet. Vallin-court invited Nash, and there are some (including Wipperfurth) who say that Nash has surpassed Vallin-court.

Ottawa writer Ken Roberts, who is preparing a history of the canoe in North America, has been travelling the continent in search of information and he says there's no collection anywhere that comes even close to Kanawa's. "We don't have the cathedrals of Kanawa, or the art of Italy, or the ancient treasure of Egypt, but we do have an original and historical collection of watercraft that is unmatched in the world," says Roberts. "Let us preserve what is important to our history." Luckily for Canadians, that job is well under way. ☐

The United States may be the birthplace of the comic strip, but France has taken the comic to more far-reaching lengths than Al Capp ever dreamed of doing. North Americans arriving this summer at Paris bookstalls and news kiosks will be stunned by the comic-book boom that is spinning hundreds of titles of French press each month. But it is the content, more than the numbers, of the "revues" that will raise eyebrows, at least half of them merit a rating somewhere between moderate titillation and outright pornography.

With titles such as *Madame in Bondage*, *Red Angels* and *La Baronne Shot*, the books describe—but it's far short—are clearly not lady material, nor are they merely spicy adult reading. The attraction is in the pictures. Comic-book versions of *The Story of O* and *Euro-madness* (in glossy, expensive editions retailing for about \$25, for example, are more graphic than the films ever dared).

"Telling phobias, sad and much violent scenes, and all the other usual sex fantasies have become the norm in the French comic book," notes American expatriate journalists David Overby and David Pearce in the *Paris Match* newspaper. Scores of rape, sadomasochism, bondage and transsexuals crowd the book's pages with such regularity they're scarcely mentioned—let alone listed by hard-core Parisians.

Where North America's major exposure with such material has been limited to the brown-paper-wrapped, under-the-counter, "Hug, you women see some dirty pictures" variety, the country that invented the magazine postcard displays its porno comics openly. Unsuspecting browsers are liable to find them anywhere—next to *Playboy* and *Le Monde* on newsstands, on sale at the local bookstalls, and even in doctors' waiting rooms, claims Christine Philippot, publisher of Les Homosexuels Associés, one of the largest of France's several dozen h/d publishers. Even the most pornographic comics, often in living color, are displayed right along

Move over Superman—it's porno



Madame in Bondage



Les Homosexuels Associés

side harmless magazines such as *Back Rogers* translations.

Although *Bondage*, *Red Angels* (the story of a transsexual's conversion) next to *Back Rogers* is at first startling, it's logical. Comics have always been highly suggestive: exaggerated female forms, provocative clothing outfits and possibly-laden situations appear even in children's comics, and have always been a staple of science-fiction strips. In fact,

it was with scantily clad science-fiction heroines *Burlesques* that French comics emerged in 1962 from the 60-rated pulp of post-war years into today's plethora of erotica—still pulp, to many readers.

Today everyone reads them, says a Philippe, "Well, perhaps not everyone. Readers are not people, not easily perverse, but... Nevertheless, Les Homosexuels Associés sell at least 5,000 copies of every soft-cover book they publish (at about \$10 each), and more typically 16,000 to 18,000. A monthly like *Mitral Hurleur*, with more science fiction than sex on its pages, is printed in runs of 80,000.

While these magazines have been elevated to a respected art form, at least in some artistic and intellectual circles, not all Parisians stay their course. Those least impressed are women who declare the book's hostile presentation of females as either bound and gagged masochists or whip-wielding sadists. (For that matter, everybody with a weak stomach is queering revivals in opening many h/d's.) But many women buy h/d's, especially the monthly *AA's News*, a feminist collaboration depicting female dominance.

If not the most laudable aspect of French culture, the *Bondage* devotees have gained the somewhat dubious distinction of being France's best-known and most original contributors to current popular culture. Translations sell well in Europe, but as yet the only French h/d to reach North America is the monthly *Mitral Hurleur*, which borrows from *Mitral Hurleur* and sells about 20,000 copies a month. Others are expected to follow soon—but don't expect to find them beside *Back Rogers* in Canada.

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The West's new password: 'Japanese spoken here'

By Robert Staff

"If you could visit any country in the world, which one would you choose?" a Japanese survey asked recently. The laziest answer: "Canada." It means that the lure of the Rockies and Niagara Falls travels well, and the streets of Vancouver and Banff display the proof that Japanese tourists are following their dream.

• They now account for up to half the tour business of major western hotels.

• Niagara Falls now means "honey-moon" in Japanese as well as English, except that the Japanese come in groups of 30 couples.

• The Japanese are about to bump the United Kingdom as the second-biggest source of tourists to B.C.

• Six years ago, Canadian Pacific Air Lines used to advertise in Japan: "Fly to Canada, gateway to Disneyland." Now Northwest Orient Airline advertises: "Fly to Seattle, gateway to the Canadian Rockies."

"For Japanese people, Canada is a dream come true," says Ken Shimizu, operations manager of Katoeva, a Vancouver-based tour company. "Japan is 37 times smaller than Canada, but it has five times the population. In the cities the traffic never stops, and on the beaches it's wall-to-wall people," he says, taking any mystery out of Canada's appeal to his countrymen.

And the appeal is growing. The tourists showed that they flood from Japan leap by a third between 1977 and 1979, peaking at 238,000 Japanese visitors—and a similar increase is expected this year. To meet the demand, Japan Air Lines (JAL) and Canadian Pacific have boosted their Tokyo-Vancouver flights by 30 per cent, that even that increase falls shy of top capacity. "We are, to all intents, sold out from now to September," said AUI's Canadian advertising manager Peter Watt early this summer.

They come, first, to see the Rocky Mountains, and most of the tour remains in the western provinces with lecture schedules through Banff, Jasper, Edmonton and Calgary. Niagara Falls is the second-strongest attraction, and there the hardside package might take in Peggy's Cove or, since Alex of Greece Goldie has become a big hit in



Proportional increases in English and Japanese, and tourists in B.C., now Niagara Falls means "honey-moon" in Japanese.



Japan, Prince Edward Island, Ganong, Kelowna and other outdoor activities keep many younger tourists in British Columbia, and 98,000 will swing through Banff this summer, almost all in tour buses. Buses carried about 36 per cent of last year's tourists, because groups help get around the language barrier, group travel is cheaper than going alone, and Japanese tourists traditionally travel en masse—even to see

temples in Kyoto.

The "aply Japanese" tourist of the 1960s—who hung around the bedsides of the world's big cities—is not to be found here, says Watt. "The Japanese tourists who come to Canada these days are young, well-educated people, with good jobs," he says. "They are like the Japanese touring Hawaii—there you never see any Japanese on the beach because they are all in the shops."

They spend even more time in shops than behind their legendary cameras, buying home-banned Canadiana like calendar covers in Niagara and Banff, and sometimes like leather Moccasins that have been steeped for years in mink-oil maple leaves. But this kind of Canadapatch is at the lower end of their long list, which can contain the names of 40 or 50 friends and relatives back home, all of whom must be honored at journey's end. It is for this reason that the average Japanese tourist spends \$1,223 in holiday pocket money in one week's visit, that signs in Japanese announcing "Japanese spoken here" are common in Vancouver and Banff shops and restaurants, and that Katoeva has kept its Vancouver for-sale sign in the window.

These shopping bargains are encouraged by the Japanese government which, suffering an embarrassment of foreign exchange rates, uses its tourist dollars as a handy way of at least temporarily carrying out its balance-of-payments strategy. As a result, each tourist can take almost \$25,000 in yen out of the country, and each can troop home with three bottles of liquor, two cartons of cigarettes, two watches, a set of golf clubs and \$500 worth of other tangle-all duty-free. What's more, they don't do this many times a year as they please. Consequently, Western Canada is

strange to see them coming.

The happy sound of cash registers registering his tourist's purchases something to sell Canada to undecided buyers. For although many Japanese would love to visit Canada, the sites who come last year made up less than three per cent of all the touring Japanese. Ottawa and Victoria have Tokyo-based tourism offices, and the federal government alone is spending over \$600,000 a year in Japan. Last year, B.C.'s selection sent 35,000 tourist responses to the land of the setting (flood) sun, along with letters saying "Have a good time in British Columbia." But private promoters worry that even if it devastating a storm on should reduce more spenders to some extent, Canada hasn't the capacity to host them.

Canoe's British news with during that Japanese groups are now completely filling their 20-20-cent seats of VIA Rail bookings. JAL's Watt worries that there is "not a single hole in the ground" in Vancouver—meaning a ho-

Cashing in on a fast-talking street hustle

They are the ultimate art in numbers. They flash at the curbs of shopping streets, and when you stop, they are there. They are the street hustlers, and though it were the greatest machine on its wheels, they are not. They are the street hustlers, and though it were the greatest machine on its wheels, they are not. They are the street hustlers, and though it were the greatest machine on its wheels, they are not.

At lunch hour, prime shopping time, the sidewalk in front of Manthorpe's new Calico Center at 54th Street and Livingston Avenue features everything from "Genuine Austrian crystal" jewelry to boxes full of panache hats and chest bags. A book leaper up crock pots and coffee sets are being hawked from the back of a station wagon. For hungry shoppers the station wagon offers a multi-choice feast from New York's traditional hot-dog-and-pretzel stand. A hamburger with sauerkraut, two Chinese pork rolls and Green Island. To watch a down, unloved car's oil tank that



Japanese tourists posing, opening spree

tel construction site. And other promoters complain that there aren't more Tokyo-Vancouver airline flights. It would be a nasty irony if Canada's tourist industry lost this business, potentially huge market for lack of beds and boug.

However, few complaints are heard from Vancouver's Chinese restaurant managers. It seems that Japanese palates become satiated on steaks during

their whistle-stops in Alberta and Ontario, so as the return leg operators move them back toward their own cuisine by leaving Vancouver's famous Chinese food. This is the process of the latest tourist joke: Q—Why do Japanese tourists like Chinese restaurants in Vancouver? A—To re-orient themselves.



Hustlers at work, why pay more?

means, rather, to generations of New Yorkers—a chocolate egg cream. To most non-Manhatteners the concoction of syrup and apple water means heartburn.

Visitors who used to flock to the city's world-famed department stores have discovered that some of the hottest new fashion items emerge from cardboard cartons on the street. For status at a price, 20 long-clothed customers are impressively fawled as gutter-dwellers flaunt.

The best operators take their customers, almost instantly to customer demand. A pink grey cloud appears in a flash from behind an umbrella. Even bed fornicus can be sold in gold, among the city's best. But, hawkers add five-penny carrying cans and looks for gay cars. Skirts and sweaters often carried over their heads for \$2 and skirts and sweaters often sold for \$3—while all with the signatures of three American universities.

A lot of these vendors try to give the impression that their merchandise is "hot" (new) or at least hot. Says Police Chief David Courtney of Manhattan's Midtown South, the area most heavily worked by the street vendors: "I actually met it of a girl purchased from a girl. There's a lot of stuff that's been sold for a long time. Although they always talk about merchandise peddling to people in the midtown area, they are so numerous that police can do very little to keep them from their profitable net. However, selling peddling leads with the police thanks to the general public. Lots of time when we're riding up a staircase, people will be standing around checking the peddlers. There's no doubt they're very popular with a lot of shoppers," says Deputy Chief Gerald Kier.

It estimates a good peddle can run an average of \$15,000 a year and he delights in telling the story of one Murray Lipson, who has worked the sidewalk for over a quarter of a century. "Many peddlers, he says, peddle for their own—like a profession. They put him through medical school on five things." Rita Chislagher



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Letters

Anthem or anathema?

I was very interested in your article *What World History Night Is*. (My SI) with reference to Roger Doucet and particularly to his rendition of our national anthem, *O Canada*. I find it abhorrent that a professional singer of little standing other than singing before some hockey games has the right to change the words of a country's national anthem. I feel that it belittles our national unity that we allow this to happen—I cannot imagine the equivalent being allowed to happen in other countries.

KAREN GILBERT, KELLOWNA, B.C.

Naming names

Nowhere in Allen Fotheringham's column *How Canada Remains Power* (June 8) does it explain what *Herbide Power* is. If it is meant as a slur toward Ukrainians it is totally unworthy of your magazine. Ukrainians have contributed a great deal to Canada. In the 1920s we find many Ukrainians who have worked extremely hard to educate themselves and I can only say that ethnic labels are not required in this day. What made Fotheringham's column rather personal was the drawing seven pages of it. I am a Canadian with a Ukrainian background and my last name is Krychak which I am proud of.

MYRNA ARCYBOL, RICHMOND, B.C.



Hume's Power: ethnic labels not required

In Canada, most newspapers that my name is singularly difficult one to mis-

take. In Hungary, there is no translatable equivalent to my Christian name, my friends there find it exceedingly difficult to pronounce. Over many years, and in many countries, I have observed that those with a moderate intelligence and any breadth of experience will make a point of learning to pronounce my name. Those who decline, with unimpaired supposition, "I'll simply never be able to pronounce that," expose their intellectual handicap with pathetic clarity to all but themselves.

JOAN BARNICH, GALLATRY, ALTA.



Theresa getting a true look of gasoline.

Tal for tit

I am very impressed on two accounts. First, the extremely sexist attitude that your magazine trades and secondly your disgusting portraits of women leaders like the one of Theresa Strueth (People, July 8). If you persist in exploiting one sex you could at least exploit the other. You mention that *Playboy* is going to feature Canadian leaders too. Therefore, I see no reason for your sexist magazine to then exploit them on their glorious exposure. I suppose your next move will be to include your own girlfriend.

D. GARNICK, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

The *American Heritage Dictionary* defines *trickle* as "To seep gradually." (See *It's in Appendix*.) They might have added "and, maybe pages in Maclean's." As a side, Hughes is again observed in the *Norman Leacock* recently. "Trickster" is often a matter not so much of what you see as where you see it. "Catching a shadowy glimpse of most of Canada's night scene" (People, April 20) was, in what was getting a true look of gasoline, a surprise as delightful as it was unexpected. On the other hand, seeing any amount of any *Playboy* playmate (People, July 8) is as much as finding gas to put in one's car tires. While I would fight to the death to defend your right to publish gossamer-gram pornography on your *People* pages, I disagree with you doing it badly. Like money, if you print too much of it, it loses its value.

TONY GARDNER, KITCHENER, ONT.

The price of sweat

I would like to comment on Alison Griffith's article *Studios for Slaves: The Brown Drains to the U.S.* (July 8), which discusses the rising number of Canadian athletes attending American universities on scholarships. I often wonder if Canadians realize how many thousands of dollars pour out of our country's pockets every year so that we, the athletes, can have the privilege of training and competing in Canada for Canada. Our parents' wallets deserve some sort of relief during the summer months. We spend all of our out-of-pocket hearts and souls on our days training. We haven't the time to get a job to support our sport without it cutting into our rigorous training schedule. Furthermore, what employer would hire an athlete who could only work a couple of hours a day? If Canada wants her athletes at home, she had better come up with the scholarships to keep them. Not many athletes can afford a university education and continue their training there from when an American scholarship is offered it is grabbed immediately. (Although many who do accept U.S. scholarships wait to, and do, return to compete for Canada eventually.)

COLLEEN TRESE, KITCHENER, ONT.
KARLEIGH, ONT.

The nature of the beast

Afro is the best science-fiction movie ever made, but it is possibly clear from Lawrence Sanders' review *The Brave Show in Space* (June 4) that he has no appreciation for the entire genre of science fiction. In my opinion, the rest of eggs was not borrowed from *Incense of*

the *Boys Smoothers*. The Nastrams beam as resplendent as all in the *Encyclopædia* (except the stars, of course) and the *Boys Smoothers*. O'Toole takes the trouble of the Nastrams as "blondish-whitened," while in fact most of the slots of the interior show dark, thud, and disintegrating rooms and corridors. The most important part of the movie is the alien film. I am amazed that O'Toole failed to discern the physical/sexual nature of the creature. He describes the depiction of the alien's birth as "baroque." Yes, and it is also gruesome, repulsive, and horrifying, which is exactly what was intended.

SCOTT GILBERT, WEST VANCOUVER

'Plus ça change'

New that I've seen the footnote in the article *Newfoundland Taken Off* (July 2), I no longer wonder why Maritimers sometimes feel that no one is paying any attention to them. Young Bennett Campbell is no longer premier of Prince Edward Island. His Liberals were soundly defeated by Anne MacLean.

CAROL PEACOCK DOTY, A

For heaven's sake

HE MacVicar's A Curry Barrier for God (July 5), a review of Marshall Frady's supposedly objective and exhaustive biography of Billy Graham, betrays an unbecoming acceptance of unfounded charges, unwarranted inferences and unquestionable conclusions. Conveniently obliterated from the historical record are facts like these: Graham's insistence on racially integrated crusade meetings in the deep South, his social concern for victims of flood and earthquake in Asia expressed through generous grants, shunted boys made



Deborah: A voice crying in the wilderness

useful signs in response to his clear call for radical repentance, estranged families experiencing the recovery of wholeness through the application of those "enemy poems" and "old complexities" as depicted by cynical detractors. I'm not absolving Graham's infidelity.

Bill depends on the same gospel grace as I do for acceptance in the sight of a Holy God. But I do want to defend his integrity. And I like his way of doing God's work somewhat better than his critics' way of not doing it.

MARIANO DI LANCÉ DON MILLE 1972

No doubt there are some people who share Bill MacVicar's opinion about Billy Graham. But what about the hundreds of thousands in Canada who consider Graham to be a true man of God, raised up by God to be a voice crying in the wilderness of this God-forsaking secular age? Does it really make sense to allow MacVicar, under the pretext of a book review, to insult Graham and offend the consciences of a great host of admirers?

WILLIAM CARROLL MURPHY, M.D.

Look-in at the lookup

Colombian, So Much of What We Do Is Polity" (July 2). John Coleman explicitly described the dynamics of a prison by noting the inmate as reduced to servility and subjected to boredom, and then posed an interesting question and having answered it: "What is the inmate's life? What? What he might have added is that every inmate knows that his well-being (if not his very life, depends upon keeping a distance between himself and the prison." "Not to do it is to risk being killed," he said. "If you are on the inside, you are bound, named 'good time' and people depend heavily on reports by the guards. How to please both sides? By becoming a good 'case,' learning well how to play the system, and not to imagine that it happens to a man who dares to show a strong attitude toward the prisoners? Do we really think that the system leads to rehabilitation? Or that it is possible to reimpose our penal ideas on a system that has been so thoroughly changed through staff education, better facilities, harder work, inmate training programs or adding more social workers. As a former prison administrator, I feel the penal system itself is being replaced with programs that make sense."

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A sales pitch for humanity

Over breakfast on the long flight back from the Tokyo summit some three weeks ago, External Affairs Minister Flora Macdonald poked lightly at her food as she considered the anguished host people of Indonesia, 2,000 of whom may have died as seen that very day. "It would be something to challenge Canada," she said, slowly choosing her words. "To make a real sales pitch... to say, 'Come on, this is the chance to prove yourself.'" Last Wednesday, just hours before she boarded a plane for Geneva and the United Nations' conference on the tragic situation, Macdonald delivered that pitch. Joined by the minister of employment and immigration, Ron Aikie, she dramatically announced that Canada would triple its acceptance of Indonesian refugees from 1,000 a month to 3,000, allowing for approximately 30,000

to arrive by the end of 1983.* The challenge would be in a tri-for-tac matching formula—for every refugee brought in by private sponsors, the government itself would bring one in.

Canada thereby became the second most generous of the rich countries, lagging behind only the U.S., which is accepting 166,000 refugees a year. But the Americans, like the French, who will take in 17,000 annually, share an awkward history with Vietnam, the country that is expelling the vast majority of the mostly Chinese ethnic group. The reason behind the Canadian action may

be purely humanitarian and inspirational as Joe Clark's government

Best people arrive in the South China Sea, (above) Macdonald, Aikie at Ottawa press conference, were hope on the horizon



*To speed this process, Ottawa has reserved 10,000 visas and airline seats until June 1983. The first large ship of refugees will arrive Friday, when a Canadian Pacific jet will bring 200 from Hong Kong, plus a Canadian Pacific jet to bring an extra 200 refugees over in 10 flights—the first this July 27.



the cynical view, expressed best by Pierre Trudeau in his first press conference since taking office as leader of the Opposition, was that the government was simply playing "catch-up" with public opinion and that the matching move was a "response" that is not the case on the primacy of well-off citizens.

Convened by United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim at the suggestion of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the Geneva conference invited 35 nations to sit down and deal with the problem. Only 48 nations went, and their purpose, as the United Nations High Commission for Refugees saw it, was to pledge itself to the over-burdened countries of the asylum—Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia, the Philippines, Singapore and the British Crown colony of Hong Kong. Vietnam, adamant that the conference not turn into a trial, accepted the invitation to attend but arrived with a warning from its deputy foreign minister, Phan Hai: "We will not accept the diagnosis of other countries. We did not come here for diagnosis."

But two countries—China, predictable, and Canada, surprising—suddenly were determined that the refugee situation not be treated as if it were an earthquake, something beyond the control of man. China's deputy minister of foreign affairs, Zhang Wenjin, denounced Vietnam as Friday as the "arch culprit" in the tragedy. "There is a Chinese saying," he said. "To stop a pot from boiling over, better take out the firewood than pour on cold water."

Canada's MacDonald put it another way: "It is better that we not make a mistake in the solution." She further demanded an end "to this flagrant, thus continuing, this outrageous violation of human rights."

Within Canada itself there was some social jockeying, but for every letter to the editor slamming the Ottawa "disgrace" there were a dozen heart-warming examples of the other side. The Canadian Jewish Congress announced it would sponsor 1,000 refugees. The Canadian Red Cross announced it would raise \$500,000 to provide emergency relief in the overseas camps. A Calgary citizens' group proposed that city take 5,000. Quebec said it would take one-third of whatever many arrived.

No one was surprised that the Geneva Conference failed to solve the refugee problem entirely. "The question of political refugees in Southeast Asia is not one we are going to be able to solve this morning," the next morning, MacDonald had said before leaving for Geneva. But at least this month was a considerable improvement over last.

Ray MacGregor with Ian Mather



Ottawa

Shadows of their former selves

The 46 members of Pierre Trudeau's shadow cabinet met for the first time last week, in Room 528 of the Ottawa Black—a room where even the lead-framed windows look out on the corridors of power. And although it wasn't the most compelling question raised in the inaugural session, what may have been the most telling one was asked by a former Trudeau cabinet minister who perhaps hadn't quite adjusted to his new role as a member of the Opposition: "What facilities are there for sending out press releases? By the way, I'm a backbencher, not an MP with the perks of power." "None I've been sending out my own press releases for years. Now you guys can see how you like it."

Shortly after the four-hour strategy session with his newly appointed critics, Trudeau, a Band-Aid on his hand, his sports shirt open at the neck, laid his first press conference since the Liberals' national executive met in Toronto but failed to set a date for their biennial convention—at which time an automatic review of the leadership would be held.

Shadow cabinet: What's an hon'ing about that?

"But my judgment as of now is that I'm the best." With laughter ensued, he fired "What's so funny about that?"

Despite Trudeau's protestations, there is still controversy with one Liberal party over whether he should continue. This surfaced last weekend when the Liberals' national executive met in Toronto but failed to set a date for their biennial convention—at which time an automatic review of the leadership would be held.

More than anything, last week's press conference ended Trudeau's discreet but disciplined silence on the performance of the Clark government. And most Liberals, who had obediently played follow-the-leader, were happy that "the dry spell was over." "Gargoyles are chomping at the bit," said Ed Lohrey, who was named Transport critic and will be one of the 29 MPs on the party's Opposition parliamentary advisory committee. (A further 29 MPs were named as critics, but will not serve on the committee.)

While Trudeau criticized the Conservatives for "flip-flopping" on such major matters as the assumed move of the Canadian embassy in Israel and the decision to put off the planned constitutional conference, Finance critic Herb Gray was firing off his own verbal volleys. "We've had significant news about the crisis oil price, and the predicted downturn in the U.S. and world economies," said Gray, the Windsor West MP who staged one of the most prominent appointments. "So far, the Conservatives have just let things drift." Gray's harsh profile assignment came as a surprise even to himself, considering that in 1974 he was unconsciously dropped from the Trudeau cabinet and that Jean Chrétien had been the logical choice as the shadow of his former self. Chrétien, a self-confessed "atrocity-fighter," was instead appointed critic of federal-provincial relations. As such, it's expected he will provide the right back logo with Trudeau's left jab in the upcoming Quebec referendum battle.

For the most part, Trudeau filled key critic positions with his old and closest allies—political warriors such as Marc Lalonde, the former justice minister, who will be Energy critic; Jean-Luc Pepin, the former minister of industry, trade and commerce who will be Trade critic; and Allan Rock, former deputy prime minister, will be External Affairs critic. Although it's difficult to tell whether the new Opposition will be combative or constructive, it already appears that it plans to be active. "We're about to take aim," said Gray. "And the Tories have already provided many tempting targets." Jane O'Hara

British Columbia

A woman's place is in the jail

"It's a matter of principle," says an inmate serving 20 years at Mission Medium Security Institute, British Columbia, for drug trafficking. He smiles engagingly, but he is serious. "Women are made to be soft, and to touch, and to make love to. When women come down on me in a command situation, I give them a bad time." But it is also a matter of principle for the Human Rights Commission of the federal government, which is just as serious. As part of an equal opportunities pilot program, women, for the first time, will be guards in an all-male maximum federal penitentiary in Canada.

This week 10 women take on the same duties as their male counterparts at the Mission institution: guarding the towers and yard gates, and patrolling the grounds in armed vehicles. In a crisis their duties won't differ because of their sex. Their job is to keep inmates from escaping and they are equipped with AR-15 rifles, revolvers and shotguns which they will use if necessary. During a riot, they will be in the thick of it.

More than 55 women applied for the job, some of them took one look at the job description and walked out. Ten were accepted and launched into a rigorous self-defence program with 10 male recruits. Says one trainee with a grudge: "We were green with brains."

Rock-Hennessy in a training AR-15 rifle. Trainers and abductees—if they need them



Two grandmothers (one in 54) are part of the team, but they felt as more pain than the 22-year-old youngest member, because bricks, hammerblows and finger-combs always are painful, period.

Discussion of the experiment has been fairly dramatic periods were held with the male guards to ease them emotionally through the weakness of women invading their territory. And there are two ongoing concerns that may never be tested on women: rape in an emergency requiring force? And could they (right of the women) have never held a gun before training? about a man? The

women find the questions extremely distasteful, but after mulling, "You won't know till it happens," they say. "Yes, of course. It is part of the job."

So far, the inmate guard change has been confined to a few cells at lunch. Some inmates look forward to some feminine grace and a few recognize and respect two of the women who have worked in prisons before. Others think "the whole idea stinks." Says one inmate: "Why do they want to come here and work with men anyway? I don't think they can handle it. If they're too soft they're going to get

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It's not normal to me."

Prisoners resent orders from the authorities that they will have to stop walking naked to and from the showers and exposing themselves in excessively foul language. It has been decided that women will work on the periphery of guard duty and not go into the living units, but the prisoners still believe that they will eventually have to dress up and shut up. Only in one area will the duties of men and women guards differ (they'll be paid identically)—the women will not be required to skin-frisk male prisoners, except in emergency situations.

Nora Brien, with senior supervisor, sums up: "After the initial briefing, the women are going to be categorised and judged by inmates just as male guards are. They aren't going to say, 'Here comes Jeanette with her tight jeans belt.' They're going to say, 'Here comes the bitch and screws. Here's a new turkey. Let's find out what she's like.' In seven days, these guys know you better than your own mother does." With just a little hesitation, he adds, "These women are in for a trying time." Eve Rockoff

The day the 'fleurdélicé' turned orange

King Billy would have fumbled from his saddle at the sight, 200 years after his arrival in the Province of the St. Lawrence, the victory of King William of Orange, being celebrated in the Appalahean foothills under the blue and white banner of Roman Catholic Quebec. Yes, the fleurdélicé adorned in the same breeches as the Union Jack and the Maple Leaf at the gateway to Mingan's County's Orange Day picnic celebrating the "Glorious Twelfth."

No one seemed to mind the incongruity when, at noon, the fife and bag band drums of the county's four Loyale Orange Lodges assembled and thumped into a march and followed flag bearers Leslie King, 53, and Charles Moore, 57, deep into the St. Lawrence's sugar bush, just up the road from Kilmear's Mills.

Once the fife and snare 45 miles south of Quebec City were the unchallenged presence of English-speaking Protestant settlers. But slowly their descendants merged westward and were replaced by the young overflow from the crowded French Catholic parishes of the St. Lawrence Valley to the north. This transition left a legacy of hybrid

Newfoundland

Scratching the 30-year itch

The tenor of the next first ministers' conference, whatever Prime Minister Joe Clark decides to hold it, will largely dictate whether Newfoundland becomes part of the vanguard of constitutional change or instead takes the next progressive step on its own road to self-determination. While the rest of Canada might be paying little attention to Newfoundland's contemporary political evolution, it is becoming increasingly apparent within the province that the days of change has broken. Even its own premier, Brian Peckford, who still insists his idea of "self-determination" is not synonymous with "Newfoundland nationalism," expects that "over the next few months a lot of people will have their own packed up when they hear what we have to say."

Appropriately, the surfacing sentiments and ideas are being channelled through the Tory party, which, in the 1980s, was the driving force behind an anti-Confederation campaign and the argument that favoured a Division of Newfoundland maintaining its political autonomy. "The generation of that day," according to former Conservative industrial development minister John Landring, who left politics prior to the June election to join former premier Frank Moore in an investment consulting business, "eventually became subverted and assimilated. Union was forced on them. It took two referendums, and the second barely passed. There's still talk that the voting was somehow fixed. The Newfoundlanders of today are starting to realize we aren't

only on the receiving end, that we have been making a contribution to Confederation, but it has not been recognized."

Many of these Newfoundlanders are idealistic, and Peckford hopes there's a place for them in a party. "We could fight as the way we have been," the premier says. "The principles at stake are too important. Hopefully, we can capture the imagination and commitment of those individuals who are highly nationalistic and who want some political expression."

Peckford's idea of self-determination is based on the belief that Newfoundland has made too many deals with the federal government and has fallen into the trap of always being in an either-or situation. We can have a railway or a Trans-Canada Highway. That's not good enough. We want both. We need both. We are going to have both."

The railway question is a festering sore in the province that has been out since 1948 when CS announced the abolishment of the venerable Newfie Belle, the trans-island passenger train that had become an institution. Less than a week after this month's speech from the

speaking Protestants became a confident majority for one day each July under this colony of railways, as equipment and vital as the hybrid silver-haired lobster Patterson managed to wrest from an old sight mounted on a faded bus. "This is an awful place," said the mayor, don't play and the rest are out of order." The more than 2,000 Orange Day picnickers included the community's hope for a future decade of toddlers frolicked around the feet of the tenting grandmothers. And County Lodge Master Dale Nopert in only 20.

Almost 100 Orange Day picnickers were off but a low rural stretch of village of rural Quebec—certainly not to attend the few French-speaking guests sharing chicken sandwiches, hot pie baking and beer. Orange Day for these scattered English-speakers is not an occasion for celebration but rather a cherished chance to renew their thinking but tenacious roots in rural Quebec. By the count of 53-year-old Clark McVey—who has moved only one picnic since his first in 1956—there were more celebrants the year than in most recent picnic. Orange Day, said McVey, "solidifies us into a unit. We want to keep our identity without alienating anyone—that's the essence of the Orange."

David Thomas

"Nelson and King Billy have to be with us this year," said the County Orange Day picnic.



those denied "potentially central federalism" and promised to "build an economically and culturally vibrant society," the province gave notice that regardless of the thinking of CS or the federal government "the permanence of a railway across the island is not for five years, not for three years, but for ever." Peckford's railway committee will include transportation experts who will help Newfoundland "tell" CS how the railway, pledged to serve in perpetuity under the terms of Confederation, will be run. Other tender spots include the lack of adequate services in remote areas, across the island—a problem Landring says would cost \$2.5 billion to correct—a lack of control by the province over the railway, and the dispute about whether the province or the federal government has jurisdiction over off-shore resources, primarily oil and natural gas.

So far, the heart of Newfoundland's arguments revolve around the terms of Confederation promises that Landring insists are not being honored. One of the most important, he believes, is Term 26, under which Ottawa currently provides \$6 million annually as a grant to offset the economic consequences of Newfoundland having joined Canada. "Another \$80 or \$40 million would make a hell of a difference. It's the difference between a budget of restraint, such as we have, or a budget which provides stimulus," Landring says. He suggested two years ago that Term 26 be re-examined and that whatever steps necessary be taken to renegotiate it. The former Tory premier, Frank Moore, suggested a year ago that it might be advantageous to set up a body to study what economic benefits there were or, if, in Newfoundland's continued par-

liamentary session, 1986 will tell that the relationship was somehow fixed.

Disruption in Confederation. Peckford has set up a committee that will carry out that study and propose, on paper, exactly what is Newfoundland expects to get and what constitutional changes would be required.

The next speech from the throne, then, asking whether Newfoundlanders are ready to move forward, to move out of the '80s and the 'economic and political crisis that cost them their hard-won democratic institutions and control over their social and economic destiny," does not ask whether they're ready to accept the status quo for the sake of official unity. Peckford hopes the process won't come to the crunch that created economist thinking in Quebec. "We have a lot of risk. Term 26 is one of the bones. The transfer of jurisdiction which the federal government is committed to is another. The power in our federal government is lost there in demanding we have self-determination and control in that field," says Peckford. "The history and the off-shore [oil] wells, these are places where there has to be separation of powers. The other—culture, social services, development—can be handled through non-constitutional changes. What we're talking about is decentralization." Peckford promises, however, that the stand he is taking is not an afterthought, and if his optimism about the feasibility of the Clark government proves to be unfounded Ottawa will discover there is more than one way to decentralize a nation.

Robert Plaskin

"His [Peckford's] speech to me was that he was not going to be a part of the Orange Day picnic. He was saying that he was not going to be a part of the Orange Day picnic. He was saying that he was not going to be a part of the Orange Day picnic."



Charles Moore (left) and Leslie King coming to raise the New French guinea

Orange Day picnic, as nearby St. Jacques de Laude while other communities lost their Anglo heritage entirely. Although

Leslie King a Orange Lodge, medieval cost served the name King's Corn. His ancestors' harvest in one called St. Jean de Babel on official maps.

An almost invisible minority the rest of the year. Mingan's County's English-

The Newfie Belle is remembered, a railway across the island is forever.





YOUNG SUICIDES

By Jane G. Hira

For years John had been told to use a sensitive, creative child—a kid with potential. Yet he called himself "an absolute failure." At the Alberta high school he attended, he was a consistent B student. The few friends who knew him remarked that he would "always manage to come up" just when things seemed to be going well. Outsiders read it as a classic case of adolescent angst, it would turn itself through. Last year, shortly before his final exams, John went to a friend's garage, climbed into the front seat of his car, turned on the ignition and waited for the carbon monoxide to do its work.

It was not his first try at taking his own life—he had tried jumping from a bridge and shooting his uncle—but it was to be his last. In passing, John left his parents a series of notes. One was a cheque written for the sum of "endless amounts." Another stated simply, "I've finally completed something I've always wanted to do. I remove the guilt from every person.... P.R. Happy Father's Day."

In decades past, when suicide was a shadowy luncheonie propped by neurosis, John's young death would have been a rarity. A personal tragedy borne by the family and hung like a skeleton

near, far from the crowded 19th-century practice in Britain of staking suicides through the heart to lay the ghost to rest. Through the times are more enlightened, youth's suicides remain a mystery, a taboo subject generally ignored or glossed by the public. Like child murder, it is a violation of what little innocence remains in our culture, a particularly abhorrent waste of potential in a world newly bent on conserving its natural resources.

Anytime you may be in wider circles, but deaths such as John's are becoming the focus of great concern in the extreme conservatism of the social sciences. The reasons are clear. Since the 1950s, Canada's rate of suicide among the young has almost quadrupled, making it second to automobile accidents as the leading cause of death of 15- to 24-year-olds. And, while some experts claim it is simply our awareness of an old problem that has degenerated, others maintain it is increasingly epidemic.

Not only is it a trend worryfully paralleled in other industrialized countries (the U.S., Germany, Japan*), it is also a

reminder that the fragile shell of childhood may be eroding under the weight of shifting social mores. As the sins of society are visited on the young, it is perhaps only logical that suicide should be the final domino in a series which shows steadily advance in such areas as late-age pregnancy, depression, mental illness, alcoholism, general disease and criminality. In a perverse twist to George Bernard Shaw's maxim, youth is no longer being wasted on the young—it is being wasted by them.

It is estimated, that in 1970, close to 1,000 Canadian youths will die by their own hands and it is generally expected that the number, based on projections of reported cases, is light. The actual figure could be anywhere from 20 to 100 per cent higher—many cases never find their way onto the books. Those involving drug overdose, alcohol, or automobile accidents will often be classified as accidental deaths, sometimes in deference to the harassed family. David Gary Mann, director of the Vancouver Crisis Centre, "There's a tendency on the part of coroners, doctors and police to give survivors the benefit of the doubt."

Perhaps an even more troubling statistic is that, close to 30,000 young Canadians, of all economic, social and ethnic stripes, will try to kill themselves this year. Most will do it by taking overdoses, using guns and hanging

themselves. Some will jump from high places or slash their wrists. Others will choose more bizarre methods such as swallowing fish hooks and table forks, or drinking volatile fluids in the majority of cases attempts will occur between 3 p.m. and midnight during the spring and early summer. Girls will attempt to take their lives three times as often as boys, although boys will complete the act four times as frequently as girls. And, not surprisingly, most suicidal acts take place in the home, usually within earshot of parents, where there is a good chance of discovery and rescue. Studies bear out that more children will attempt a suicide in families where there is an alcoholic parent, a previous suicide in the family, or where divorce has fractured the home.

Some of these children, rare though they may be, will be under the age of 10. Last year, a nine-year-old boy was rushed to the emergency ward of a hospital after taking an overdose of his mother's Valium. The offspring of a splintered home, the boy was revived, but his intention was real. In a handwritten note he had left the following instructions: "I want to be buried with my Bible. Please give my teddy bear away."

In another case, a five-year-old Ontario boy, who had dropped out of school to get a job. And although he was having trouble finding work, his parents said it didn't seem to be bothering him. He still was said to support himself on money he had earned in the summer. On returning from work one day, Paul's father heard thumping coming from his son's bedroom. He figured Paul was listening to music with his earphones on and was just keeping time to the beat. But when he went upstairs to check it out, he found Paul writhing on the floor with a gunshot wound to his abdomen. He was rushed to the hospital, but was dead on arrival. Neither of Paul's parents said he seemed depressed when

going himself in the chest with solers. It was a desperate attempt to regain a loved one. In the boy's infant mind, he knew that death would reunite them.

Children often see death as a natural, almost magical place, its permanence is rarely realized. For this reason, a suicidal gesture among the very young is particularly dangerous. By adolescence, however, the perception of suicide is an adult perception. It is seen as a final, irreversible solution to one's problems—more anti-life than pro-death. Although many experts believe that a suicidal attempt is mainly a cry for help or a way of seeking attention and little intent to die, Dr. Harvey Danoff, one of Canada's foremost authorities on youth suicide, disagrees. Having recently completed a study of 505 "assessments" at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, Danoff maintains: "For the most part, these kids wanted to die."

At 19, Paul was still living with his parents, but had dropped out of school to get a job. And although he was having trouble finding work, his parents said it didn't seem to be bothering him. He still was said to support himself on money he had earned in the summer. On returning from work one day, Paul's father heard thumping coming from his son's bedroom. He figured Paul was listening to music with his earphones on and was just keeping time to the beat. But when he went upstairs to check it out, he found Paul writhing on the floor with a gunshot wound to his abdomen. He was rushed to the hospital, but was dead on arrival. Neither of Paul's parents said he seemed depressed when

Slashed re-washed (above) and the real thing (below) as a girl is rescued after jumping from Vancouver's Granville Street Bridge, a taboo subject that kills kids.



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*In the U.S. the suicide rate is slightly higher in 1970 and 1971 than in 1969 and 1970. In 1970 the rate of suicide in the U.S. was 17.4 per 100,000 in 1971 it was 17.5 per 100,000. In 1970 the rate of suicide in the U.S. was 17.4 per 100,000 in 1971 it was 17.5 per 100,000. In 1970 the rate of suicide in the U.S. was 17.4 per 100,000 in 1971 it was 17.5 per 100,000.

Clinging to "reach souls through painting." Oylbow artist **Mervin Mermanson** has set up shop in **Tim Thomson's** 60-year-old shack at the McMichael Canadian Collection in Kleinburg, Ontario. "The spirits know we are here and they look down on us. Maybe Tim Thomson is here right now," says the 40-year-old painter who believes that the works of the **Group of Seven** reflect the same sort of spiritual awareness that he brings in his boldly charted works. Though Thomson was not a member of the Group of Seven, the shack has a heritage that Mermanson hopes to live up to—following Thomson's death in 1967 it was occupied by **Frederick Varley** and **A.R. Jackson**. Amid the ghosts, Mermanson is painting a 10-by-five-foot canvas showing one of his characteristic Thunderbolt images. The canvas is so large that Mermanson precariously has to climb up it, often coming close to dragging his Order of Canada medal (which he never receives) through the paintpots.

When she started snagging in Montreal's rag trade after only a few months, **Joy Boussel** began to wonder whether a career in fashion design was what she really wanted. The 30-year-old "country girl" who grew up in Quebec's Eastern Townships had gone to the big city after doing a stint at La Salle College and committed herself "to having a great time." Including herself one evening a few months ago at Montreal's latest fancy-dress ball, **Bridle 1838**, the good times began to roll. "It was kind of spooky. Somebody just walked up and said, 'Hey, you want to be in a movie?' If it had come from a guy I would have thought it was just a typical line, but it was a woman so I said,

Boussel, hitchhiking to stardom



"Sure." So it was that Boussel found herself cast as a "busty waitress" who spends her days off hitchhiking in search of roles in **Pinball Swenson's** Montreal production directed by **Georgia Milne**, 27, whose most remarkable effort to date has been something called **Pierre** to **Go**. Boussel isn't holding her breath about the possibility of a glittering future, but admits "it will be nice to look back on the film when I'm 70 and know that I did something."

Carney: calling all dumpings

years," he has also formed a close personal and professional friendship with lanky co-star **Don Knotts**. "When Danny teamed up as **op**," says Carney, "they put Laurel and Laurel together." Carney, 45, will team up with his other famous co-star, **Carol Burnett**, for four TV specials in August and after that he plans to follow **Seymour Chaskin's** lead with a picture called **The Privatefighter**, featuring **Don Knotts** in boxer shorts.

It's a long way from **Shen Lake** to the back row of the chorus line, but that's the direction high-kicking boogie **Osobeh Henry** has taken, and she wouldn't have it any other way. When Henry was 15 she left home in Memphis, Tennessee, to spend her summers studying dance at the **Bail School of Fine Arts**. There she was spotted by **Arnold Sosen**, director of the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet**. He offered the lanky redhead a scholarship to study in Winnipeg and it was plink and plop for a year, which Henry now describes as "the most exhausting, best training a dancer could ever have, even when it hurt." Now 27, Henry is Henry in a **Chorus Line**, the wildly successful Broadway musical about the

high-stepping hipkins and heartbreak of 17 dancers who are auditioning for a chance to be "in the line." After 22 months of involving with the show, Henry has worked her way up and now plays the leading role of **Chorus "Bjork"** would kill me," she says with an off-the-cuff Southern drawl, "but recalling the audition I had to go through with his gives me goose pimples that make working in a **Chorus Line** a lot easier."

He calls himself **Little Hamlet**, and that's how life is for **Reginald Humphreys**, the British sex throbb whose quaint adopted name is so long that he's forced to drop the last three syllables on most occasions. When he started in 1985 with his **Radio-tapping** in **Re-**

Henry: a long way from 'Shen Lake'



Lower Me, Humphreys' image was all slickness, smel and pout, which made him easily confusable with singer **Tom Jones**, also dark-haired, honey and powerfully voiced. Today the slickness are gone, the velvet is muted and the hair is back to its natural autumn. Only the pout remains—along with the traditional symbolic line that he draws out every performance to two lucky ladies from the audience. "I tried to take the lion out once," says the Humph, "but the duns wouldn't let me." A chronic regular in Las Vegas, Kings (as he likes to be called offstage) was in Toronto last week playing to his customary blue-blooded and blue-eyed. Dressed up in a **Therapist's** white suit studied with sequins, Humphreys looked as attractive to "Liberal's" underwear," a fair ad-



est since he designs his wardrobe along with everything else in his act. At 43, his appeal hasn't waned and craved women still are wont to throw their offerings in the general direction of his furry chest, which should cause havoc in movie houses where the Humph makes his first film sometime next year.

For more than 40 years the costickable **Margaret (Ma) Murray** met her deadlines and fed up some of the audience over and over again for the subscription to the **Bridge River-Lidolet News**, which she edited and published from her day-board office in northern British Columbia. "Printed in the sugarbush country of Lidolet every Thursday, God willing. Guaranteed a chuckle every week and a belly laugh once a month or your money back," was the message on the masthead and Murray delivered, usually in her editorial column, **Chat Out of the Old Guy**. Though she retired six years ago, Murray, now 81, is still as girlish as a design and about as timid as a milk-sucker. "I'm going painting for gold, the prize being what it is," she announced from a hospital bed where she is recovering from a broken leg that doctors suspect she fractured simply by coming too fast. "She's sure we're all going to be rich corpses out of it," says Murray's daughter, **Georgina Kneale**, 65, of her mother's plan to shun for a night at a site on the **Peace River** where she acquired a slain 12 years ago. "I'm sure when I'm her age I'll be a baron."

Edited by **Marsha Rodden**



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Fred Shuman (left), Schlesinger

be put in writing, according to TPL.) There was even a "traff evaluator" form sent out by the White House to cabinet members with instructions to fill out one for each senior department official. While some of the questions seemed innocent enough ("On the average, when does this person arrive at work?"), others revealed of a loyalty test ("To what extent is this person focused on accomplishing the administration's goals?").

There were also reports that Carter would hold no more press conferences in

the nation's capital. Press Secretary Judy Powell denied that, but it remained a fact that Carter had not held a press conference in Washington for more than seven weeks. Conservative Republican Senator Ted Stevens "I thought we were looking at another Nixon. Now I know we're looking at another Nixon."

But few were willing to make that comparison. Indeed, after Nixon, Carter scores high in public opinion polls for his honesty and decency. His problem, besides a Congress that is very wary of central, has been a lack of direction and purpose. James Fallows, a former Carter speechwriter, has described this administration as a "passionless presidency" and the president as a man consumed with detail. At the outset, wrote Fallows in *The Atlantic*, Carter even took it upon himself to assign playing time on the White House tennis courts.

Last week's moves were designed to free up Carter and to restore a sense of purpose to his presidency. Explained



Kennedy: doubts will be hard to dispel

ask to shift the blame. "I bear full responsibility," he told me. "I acknowledge that many of the actions that I was involved in that night were irresponsible. I did not plead for understanding and asked people not to judge me on the basis of Chappaquiddick alone but to consider his 37-year record in the Senate as well."

It was an effective performance. But some people's doubts will be hard to dispel. In another interview with the Times, Kaposzta's parents said they still don't know their son's whole story. And on the morning of the anniversary of his death, a group calling itself the Mary Jo Kaposzta Memorial Society distributed leaflets at the National Press Building in Washington, accusing Kennedy of conspir-

ing to "cover up exactly what happened" that night. The group, which sponsors a book, *Father's Secret*, about a father's doubts about a son's actions, wants a full inquiry into the accident.

A *CNN* press pool released text which shows a 50-page set of American-style notes. Kennedy, but only 20 pages of notes, says people said they were "less likely to vote" for Kennedy for president as a result of it. And more of them were Republicans who probably would have voted for Kennedy in any event.

The question remains whether Kennedy's candidacy for president would be accompanied by press scrutiny—would

seeker new interest and seriously damage his chances. Some political observers think the issue would go away after Kennedy's first top priority was. Others believe it would clash with Kennedy's right through to election day and wreck him in the privacy of the piling booth. But, first Kennedy must decide to run for the presidency. His decision to grant interviews on the subject of Chappaquiddick, which surely must be painful for him, is a sign that at the very least, he is going to come through. But when the question was put to him directly just after last week, he answered somewhat ambiguously. He is not interested in the job—“at this time,”

Jan Uggahart

Washington

Who helped kill Kennedy and King?

The 28 volumes, placed side by side, give assassinations both, nearly four feet of testimony, charts and photographs to plow through and digest. After 8½ years, 86½ inches and an often tempestuous relationship among members, the U.S. House Select Committee on Assassinations last week issued its final words on the murders of President John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. And, while the committee concluded that conspiracy was likely in both cases, the government may close the door on the inquiry forever.

The most expensive congressional conference in history agreed with the

1964 Warren Commission report that Lee Harvey Oswald fired the shots that killed Kennedy on Nov. 22, 1963. But, in sharp contrast to the earlier investigation, six of the nine committee members agreed that Oswald was part of a conspiracy—probably made up of gangster figures and anti-Castro activists—and that he was not the "lone gunman" at Dallas' Dealey Plaza.

Those members of the committee disagreed with the conclusion that a fourth shot was fired from a "grassy knoll" beside the president's route, saying their colleagues had jumped too readily on evidence submitted in the last days of public hearings in December.

That evidence was produced by highly sophisticated acoustical analysis of a tape made from the monitoring of the radio microphone of a policeman's motorcycle. Scientists were able to conclude not only that a fourth shot (which missed) was fired from the knoll but to deduce, correctly as it turned out, that the microphone was on the left side of the motorcycle and that the motorcycle was equipped with a windshield. Furthermore, when the tape recording was played simultaneously with the famous "Bayou City" film of the shooting, the shots coincided with the movements of Kennedy and the others in his car. But the identity of the second gunman remains unknown.

While the committee reported substantial links between Oswald and underworld figures—especially New Orleans crime boss Carlos Marcello and Florida syndicate leader Sam Donatelli—it ultimately backed off, saying both figures were too cautious to get mixed up in assassination plots even though both had grudges against the Kennedy administration's crackdown on organized crime.

In the case of the King assassination, the committee agreed with the FBI that James Earl Ray shot the civil rights leader, but again concluded there was a conspiracy.

The committee had hard words for the FBI, for the "dirty tricks" harassment of King while he was alive, and for the Warren Commission, for the way it chose to conduct its inquiry. Committee Chairman Louis Stokes urged the justice department to "analyze our findings" and hoped it would decide to carry the investigation further. But many of the key figures in both murders are dead and the department's reaction, so far, has been limited to a promise that the report will be reviewed.

An even colder rage came from the committee's most ardent daughter, Republican Congressman Harold R. May. Asked what he would do with the report if he were a prosecutor, he replied, "I'd file it in the cruetine file."

Catherine Fox



World

Another tyranny of terror for Uganda

By Dan Turner

Idi Amin is 300 days gone and the multi-faceted pox of fireworks is the softest of Kampala's night sky even to celebrate the anniversary. But what may seem like Roman candles to the casual observer are easily detected by Ugandans' experienced ears for what they really are: the sputter of a machine-gun

across the green hills, the puff of a rifle from down by the market, the sputter of another gun nobody can identify from over near the mosque.

John Binyanga, long tired of dead bodies, bullets and injustice as Amin's servant, he spouted out the Emperor for life's last Kampala meal of braised beef, mutton and vegetables. Big Daddy swarmed it quickly into his 270-pound body and lit out by limousine in the general direction of Lujala, leaving, at the last frantic moment, discarded his boyish hankering for a showdown against adorning Tausanjan troops.

Binyanga, a slight, grey-haired man, was terrified of Amin. "He could kill you anywhere and anytime." Now, more than three months later, he is terrified again, both of the shooting in the night and the spectre of Uganda falling once more. "The condition of the country is not yet very good," he says. "We are just bawling."

For Geoffrey Rhinard, the 80-year-old lawyer plucked from an afternoon moose to take over when the National Constitutional Council deposed President Yusef Lule a month ago, the balance is precarious. Politically he is a delicate enough situation just waiting the normal—a band of armed gangs who banded together to defeat the devil Amin, but who now are jockeying for position before the election promised two years from now.

Who else is an affable man who served as attorney general under Uganda's



Remembrance of things past

Jimmy Carter was not the only U.S. politician in the spotlight last week. Senator Edward Kennedy, governor Carter's erstwhile rival for the Democratic nomination for president next year, also had the hot glass of publicity. It was the 10th anniversary of the accident on Chappaquiddick Island in which Mary Jo Kaposzta drowned in a car that Kennedy had driven off a bridge. Confronted head-on by the inquiring double-edged of his behavior that night, he lied the scene and did not report the accident until next morning. Kennedy agreed last week to his first interviews on the subject in the past five years.

These shed no new light on the events that July night. Kennedy denied once again, suggesting that he delayed reporting the accident while a cover-up story was concocted. "Assessably true," he told *The New York Times*. As in the past, he did not

"A CBS News *60 Minutes* poll last week showed 61 per cent of its viewers in the U.S. prefer a Kennedy over a Republican candidate. Kennedy was also named by 50 per cent and California Governor Jerry Brown by 48 per cent as most

first president, Milton Obote, and briefly as the new premier under Amin. He went on to become a successful businessman and lawyer after flunking out of both medicine and geology as a student, and has shown some dexterity at playing off moderates against radicals since he was appointed. But Ugandans had high expectations when they finally got rid of Amin. Nobody believed that after 100 liberated days the rebels would still be bare on the streets full of violence.

The kind of spill-thus-as-is going to have to cast to get Ugandans safely in the polling booths might prove too advanced for the most accomplished politician, let alone a political leader designated as a caretaker.

To the left of him are a variety of ambitious people, including the followers of Obote, who has been cooing his heels in Tanzania as a guest of President Julius Nyerere since Amin overthrew him more than eight years ago. But the Bissau's right are counterrevolutionaries—senior members of Uganda's largest and most dominant tribe—who desire the memory of Obote because he introduced a constitution that eradicated their traditional kingdom and undermined their power.

Even if Bissau succeeds in balancing such tribal and ideological pressures, any crisis bear could tell him that that is only part of the act. Not only must you believe the lead on your nose, you have to keep the leader's mouth. While Uganda's economy is showing potential for recovery as suggestions of coffee move out by rail and air, aid-donors



Bissau: some dexterity at playing off

complain that attempts to revitalize transportation, communications and the country's marketing system have been bogged down by a government paralyzed by civil division.

A donor's conference this week is expected to ameliorate some of these problems and get cash essential on paper, oil, soap, cooking oil and milk into the marketplace in less than the present going rates. Five or 10 times the cost in neighboring states but that still leaves one problem after an all-out effort to defeat a tyranny of terror, Ugandans are still confronted by a tyranny of terror.

Tanzanian soldiers have been stealing corn, watches and other consumer items with impunity and there have been several incidents where Ugandans

hired soldiers to beat houses and kill people they disliked. There are guns everywhere, some brought in by the Tanzanians and Ugandan exiles and some left by Amin's army. "We don't know the difference between the wrong people and the right people," said the young security guard last week. "They are all armed and they are all unforgotten."

David Berlow, a Ugandan who spent the Amin years working for General's department of transport, returned in April to take up his former position of inspector-general of police, and acknowledges he has been important with the government's lack of initiative in answering a British offer to train the police remnants of Amin's former. Berlow returned from a trip to Tanzania last week to find that his brother, a dentist, had been shot dead by two men wearing soldiers' uniforms and another man in a T-shirt. They had robbed his house, taken his money and turned him into a ghost that he should not be killed in front of his children. The condition of the country, says John Bynghe, says, "is not yet very good."

U.K.

Voting down the hanging judges

Gwyn Evans and Peter Altier are not against that ring in the awards of British murder. They were two

felon and holding the longest heads deficit to 81 before.

Even the most optimistic observers are in little chance of elections solving anything since no party is likely to emerge with an overall majority. The Socialists, who ruled since 1964, have slipped in popularity and could well lose some of their 101 seats. The right-leaning Social Democrats may gain from public disenchantment but will need to make up a lot of ground since they recently lost 37 of their 73 MPs in a party split. When the Conservative Committee (now holding 40 seats) loses the strength to do no more than rock the boat when opportunity offers.

One man, Olof Sorenson de Cerny, is watching all this with particular disfavor. Regarded as the brains behind the 1974 revolution, Cerny has his eye on the presidency and recently was relieved from active military service for indulging in political activities. "I will not rest my efforts to achieve the unity of the revolutionary left," says the man who once announced his ambition to be Europe's Fidel Castro.

David Baird



obscure million who killed an old bachelor while attempting to rob his house. But a crucial vote in Parliament last week assured them of what looks like a permanent footnote in the history books—as the last convicted murderers to be executed in Britain, 15 years ago.

The decisive rejection of Tony Elton Griffiths' proposal "that capital punishment should once again be available to the courts" was expected. But the anti-hanging majority of 119 was only 10 fewer than when 30% last voted on the issue in 1975. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who had pledged the first vote as an election issue, was followed into the "aye" lobby by several cabinet ministers, including Northern Ireland Secretary Humphrey Allister. But Home Secretary William Whitelaw, Thatcher's deputy and the man who, if hanging came back, would have ultimate power of life or death over a condemned murderer, headed 150-yea ministers who voted against, with Opposition leader Jim Callaghan, the Labor front bench and Liberal leader David Steel.

Griffiths, a former correspondent for *Time* magazine and sometime foreign editor of *Newweek*, carefully worked his bill as an issue to split the grounds on which murder should again rank as a capital crime, though he favored it for terrorist and other "cold-blooded" killings such as the car-bomb murder of Tony or Airey Neave by the IRA at Westminster in the spring.

But statistics, as Griffiths himself reluctantly conceded, are inconclusive in relating murder to incidence in the threat of execution. Executions in Britain have risen by roughly 85% per cent in the 10 years since the death penalty was formally abolished, compared with the decade 1958-68, but other crimes of vio-

"Mr. Neave is a little bit of a law expert," he said. "He is a little bit of a law expert." He said that Mr. Neave is a little bit of a law expert. He said that Mr. Neave is a little bit of a law expert. He said that Mr. Neave is a little bit of a law expert.

Means's wrecked car could not be killed

violently in the latter context. Britain no longer has an official executioner and the last holder of that office, Albert Pierrepoint, who inherited it from his father and performed more than 400 hangings, wrote in his memoirs, "I saw directly back that no man is ever called upon to carry out another execution in my country."

Despite the Commons vote, however, pro-hanging sentiment remains strong in the grassroots, and is surprising quarters. Last week Kathleen Nielson, a housewife from a suburb on the northwest fringe of London, declared herself firmly in favor of restoring the rope. Nielson was the sister-in-law and close friend of Ruth Ellis, hanged in 1955 for shooting her lover. Ellis was the last woman to die on the gallows in Britain.

Carol Kennedy

Nicaragua flings out the old, rings in the new

In the depths of the heavily fortified bunker, the young Sandinista guerrilla laid his rifle on the pillow of Nicaragua's revolutionary Anastasio Somoza's unmade bed and stretched out beside it. "At last it's all over," he sighed. And by late last week, after 38

months of fighting and a bizarre bailout by Somoza's political heir, the apparently thought he could defy the United States as well as the Sandinistas.

Jorge Sandinista, like Somoza's minister after 18 months, over it was



Caretaker for an exit sign

The choice of Maria de Lourdes Pintasilgo as Portugal's last woman premier last week probably owed as much to her lack of political abilities as to her record as a feminist—she was instrumental in establishing a national commission to investigate the inactivity of women in Portuguese society. But Europe's second woman prime minister to be chosen this summer—Britain's Margaret Thatcher took office in May—is unlikely to be around long to steer her triumph.

The men risks of the untried 49-year-old industrial chemist are apparent—recently she has been her country's representative with the United Nations Economic and Social Council Organization in Paris—will be to engineer her own departure from the scene. Faced with the deficit cut last year, she has a 10% government, since the 1976 revolution which

ended 47 years of dictatorship. President Amaro Balsemão decided that Portugal should go to the polls in the fall—and Pintasilgo's main task will simply be to prepare for those elections.

Balsemão's decision to hold the fall elections means that within the new million inhabitants of the impoverished country are crying out for stability the chances of any real progress in solving pressing socioeconomic problems has virtually been put on ice for a year. Further elections must be held before the fall of 1980, as caretaker Pintasilgo will be followed by yet another lame-duck administration.

During the long years of the Salazar dictatorship this Portuguese lady happily internalized a belief that looked like how many have come to associate democracy with economic hardship and endless political intrigues. The latest government crisis—the fall in early July of the 50-year government of Carlos Mota Pinto—was a case in point. Politicians jockeying for position rejected Mota Pinto's economic program—higher taxes and an 18% cut in public spending—because it was considered crucial to restoring 22-per-cent in-

Copping the Crown jewels

Within a year, revision of the Bank Act will mean more competition between banks and trust companies, making the trust companies appealing targets for take-over bids. Last week, the proposed merger of Victoria and Grey with Metropolitan Trust was delayed, acquisition talks from First City Financial Corp. was terminated, and Crown Trust changed hands. Two reports follow:

There was a look of boyish excitement about the face of Guy Asper as he bounds onto the eighth floor of Crown Trust, fresh from lunch with the president, Annalee St. Clair Shave. Asper, 46, is pivoting at the receptionist's desk, taking it all in but seeing nothing. His eyes finally light on a fax of telephone message slips being held toward him and Shave. "Are these all mine?" asks Asper, managing to combine mock horror with self-love. Only part of the fax in thrust his way. "Thank, heaven, he breathes and fits away to a borrowed office on the first afternoon of his ownership in Crown Trust. In a deal that closed earlier the same day last week, Asper's CanWest Capital Corp. of Winnipeg acquired 46 per cent of Toronto-based Crown for \$177 million. As CanWest chairman and former leader of the Manitoba provincial Liberal Party, he has financially arrived. "This finally places us," he says, "as a permanent member of the Canadian financial community."

Four of the sellers were some other recent arrivals: Cleared Black, chairman of Argus Corp., his brother, Monty, and Black associates David Sadler (Crown Trust chairman until March) and Peter White, president of Sterling Newspapers. The four held 44 per cent of Crown Trust. The fifth seller, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, held just under 10 per cent of the 50-year-old trust company, which operates in Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia. It is a transfer that marks the end of an era that recalls the heyday of Arthur F. White, former president of Crown, president of Dominion Securities, vice president of the Caisse de la monnaie and mentor to the self-anointed dean of the establishment, J.A. (Bud) McDougall, from whom all Bank's holdings flowed last year. The loose corporate association of bank, insurance broker and trust company began by White and maintained by McDougall has been ended by Black just as he is changing Argus Corp. by



CanWest Capital's Asper, managing to combine mock horror with self-love

making Hollinger Mines his own majority operating arm (in August, the same business Hollinger Argus Ltd.), Crown, because of peripheral interest and badly needed a face-lift. Says Black: "We didn't have the first to speed re-boltonizing it."

It was Sadler who led the first shot with an interested Argus in February. Black heard from Leonard Ellen and Kathleen Cohen, owners of Mountbatten Central and Eastern Trust (and 39 per cent of Crown), who have long sought a nationwide partner. While others showed interest, only Cohen-Ellen and Asper made bids earlier this month, after lengthy discussions, both direct and through their lawyers (Igor Kaplan of Aird & Bernt and Yale Lerner of Blackwell Asper Hinzell & Wynnipeg for Asper). Black and Asper even talked it over between meals of chicken teriyaki and sake at a dinner party for 18, including wives, which Kaplan gave at his residence on Lake Ontario's westshore June 29.

"Make your best offer," Black told Asper and Cohen-Ellen, in the knowledge that wherever his 44 per cent went, the bank held by the Commerce would go, too. Asper was the highest bidder and after comparing personal matters, and arranging for Argus business to be continued by Crown, the deal was closed in an hour-long morning ceremony in the Crown boardroom. "This



was not our first attempt at buying a trust company," says Asper, "but it was one of our favorites."

It brings a full range of financial services (except term lending) and additional assets of \$1.8 billion under the Asperdeno CanWest, formed in June, 1997, a gathering of financial clout backed by the Canada Development Corporation, the Toronto-Dominion bank and Great-West Life, last year bought Winnipeg-based Manulife Life for \$31 million and Nu-Chers International Ltd., a London, Ontario, fertilizer company with annual sales of \$50 million. CanWest also owns Global Television Network and through it Toronto's Bimard, a North American Soccer League franchise) and Universal Subscription Television Inc., a pay-telvi-

sion service in five major U.S. cities. Crown is a giant step toward a cross-Canada financial service empire. Says Asper: "We have not yet settled on the brand design. Other vehicles might be established or purchased." For now, however, there is the task of future planning for Asper, the owner of money made by the sellers. Sharing a \$5-million capital gain made in 14 months with the two Blacks and White, soon-to-be ex-chairman Sadler says "I enjoyed my reign, but it came down to you. Everything's for sale at a price."

Roderick McQueen

Only the tip of the Belzberg

The newspaper headlines belied "foiled" and "foiled again" after take-over negotiations between First City Financial Corp. of Vancouver and Ontario's WGM Trustco Ltd. had broken down early last week. And First City President Sam Belzberg was bracing himself for the loss of his office collection of Cana-

dian art by William Karelitz and Harold Town. "How many times will that, when we were issued twice by the controlling shareholders to make an offer? Even though the terms were more favorable for us this time, we decided against a purchase," Belzberg said. And then the terms changed. "We didn't even know if there will be any further negotiations." By week's end, it was clear that Metropolitan Trust, the Toronto-based company Belzberg was looking for, would merge with Victoria and Grey Trust instead. WGM Trustco, a holding company set up by a number of institutional shareholders last fall, owns 96 per cent of Victoria and Grey and 58 per cent of Metropolitan Trust. According to IEN R. (Ellis) Jackson, president of St. Financial Corp. and an instigator of the holding company idea, the move retained three options, retaining the companies separately, merge, or selling one of them.

He does not agree that Belzberg was "foiled" to bid, preferring instead to say he "expressed an interest." None of

Sam Belzberg and 'Squawks' by Gerald Zelensky: fine apples and wine carts



the offers made by Belzberg was, however, sufficient. "If Belzberg were prepared to pay enough, we would have sold Metro," says Jackson. "If people talk anxiety and nothing comes of it, price is usually the reason." A lawsuit launched by analogy recently after the failed sale of C. Turner's \$2.5-billion share, was dropped at week's end, clearing the way for likely merger approval at the previously delayed shareholder's meeting of both companies called for July 31. The merged company, to be called Victoria Grey Metro Trust, will be Canada's fourth largest, with about 85 branches and \$52 billion in assets.

Belzberg, 54, is the middle member of three successive brothers from Calgary, whose investment—usually minority investment positions—reach 1816 California and onto New York's Wall Street. Sam is based in Vancouver, B.C., controls the family furniture store, Gray's Arcade in Calgary, WGM, and has a 25 per cent stake in Leo's Agency, including the \$1-million-a-share State Mutual Savings and Loan in Newport, British Columbia. "We're not overpaying," says Sam, "and we're hard up for it."

First City's assets have grown to about \$2 billion from nothing in 1982 when Sam started the company in Edmonton to finance his real estate developments. They were the first known deals his father interest to invest in a U.S. asset and loan company and have also been in and out of such U.S. firms as advertising agency J. Walter Thompson, power-tool manufacturer Skil Corp. and, most recently, acquired 7.8 per cent of Black Group, a New York investment house. In control of Black's next step? "We haven't decided," Belzberg says emphatically.

The Belzberg interests extend to funding the Dystonia Musclens Research Foundation in L.A. (one of his daughters suffers from the rare neurological disease) and the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Los Angeles. He calls it "an educational promise to make people more aware of human tragedy. It's not just about Jewish history, but other people have been just as persecuted. Look at the boat people. I'm a believer in the past, but only as it relates to the future." Perhaps that's why the end of talks with WGM Trustco brings him less than does the misinterpretation of events in First City's annual report, dotted throughout with photographs of fine apples, musical instruments and wine carts; there are selected, pricy quotes. One of the most revealing is from assembled 18 presidents John F. Kennedy: "The great advantages of being are greatly magnified."

Mark Badger

Hacks, flacks and jacks of the gall trade produce only ad hockery night in Canada

By Rodrick McQueen

It must have been the 97th speech this year deluging the free enterprise system. The copy hit my desk with a thud as someone at a neighbor's screen door bawling that once too often on a soft summer's eve. Eyes toward the fluorescent office heavens, I sobbed: "How long, Oh Lord, how long?" Why does business, given the obstacles to deliver a speech, always do a tortuous trot of inept pliancy about the wonders of capitalism? And an audience of the converted, stuffed with rubber chicken, dutifully applauds. Afraid to tackle large, urgent issues, business spokeswriters poke about tactlessly far wit in their shenanigan act, but come as full. Except for predictable service-club banquets about bank regulations, accompanied by heavy attacks on the socialist herds, corporate conversations with the real people fall into two categories. One is fraternal: stand-off about rusty Ford's and company complaints, the second is fragmented statements through annual reports and other dilly doilies.

Even the hacks, flacks and jacks of the gall trade—the public relations officers—don't seem to make much sense. As messengers, they needn't vary about truth at the hands of their corporate rulers because they brought bad news. The problem is, when different they're committing suicide by not bringing any news at all. Instead of a continuous corporate communications plan, it's always ad hockery night in Canada.

This is not just a plea for more advertising, bigger promotional budgets or more experimental vehicles for ads. The public also needs to know more about product safety, employment prospects, causes of cost increases, environmental problems and management plans. More important, it needs to hear the cluck of sheep, not the clatter of shovels; it needs to feel a human hand, not the pat of paternalism. Some arguments to keep such information away from the public, based on the need for secrecy, are sound. There are legal restraints, for example, on releasing confi-

dential client information, competitive reasons to guard some marketing detail, inventions, patents and the like must be kept private, even in a public company. Trouble is, such secrecy can become a passion that pushes into the world of flaky swags. Professional athletes are superstitious largely because they don't know the source of their power. Corporate leaders can become superstitious because they don't know the source of their knowledge, so the safest course becomes the one least shared. While it makes their colleagues



wrongly respectful, outsiders become rightly essential. When knowledge is shared, it tends to be in documents such as annual reports with screeds of unreadable numbers and stacks of executive portraits. Then there's the rigorously structured annual shareholders' meeting where various prepared answers for possible questions that are never posed. At the annual meeting in May of Canadian Corporate Management Co. Ltd., chairman and former federal finance minister Walter Gordon called for questions. When there was none, he gazed down at Director Jake Moore in the front row, who would the next month resign as embattled chairman of Unesco, and asked "How would you like a meeting like this one?" Even with scripping there's enough tension to make at least one chairman phlegmy.

It is this fear of failing and the resulting public embarrassment that causes business to retreat so the sensitive suits. And, when business looks vulner-

able, or appears to be lacking information, people attack. When that happens, it's hard to tell which came first—the chicken-hearted stance or the eagles. Of course, all of this confuses business, which thinks the cause is media prejudice or a misunderstanding of what business does. Even costly advertising doesn't buy everything. A recent Elliott Bros. research Corp. survey showed that three firms hold in highest public regard—Canadian General Electric, Westinghouse Canada Ltd., and the Royal Bank of Canada—were not even among the top 50 advertising dollar spenders in Canada. Selling the corporate image isn't easy. Nor is there much employee loyalty likely when all the worker can expect from the boss is a watch upon retirement. Just what's needed to remind a pensioner of what's coming is burning abundance—time.

There is even less loyalty from shareholders. In the post-long apathy of take-overs, fealty has been to the highest bidder, not the best manager. One investment dealer offers this explanation: why shareholders so quickly offer their shares to the best bid? "Somebody's got to own the company." Trouble is, the attitude seems to be "Anybody can own the company."

In fact, everyone's involved. Shares of chartered banks are more than one-third held by pension and mutual funds, representing millions of investing participants from churches to unions, public-benefit funds to teachers' organizations. Such owners may not actively participate, but their shield, as a result, is a wider management responsibility, just as there should be a wider public response. The other little known fact about corporate communications is that corporate leaders are laid, not Lauffer. They can even be capital-S8-trapists, not always capitalistic. But, as a result, he is a wider management responsibility, just as there should be a wider public response. The other little known fact about corporate communications is that corporate leaders are laid, not Lauffer. They can even be capital-S8-trapists, not always capitalistic.



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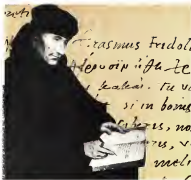
A HOST OF GREAT GUESTS



Earl Warren has a host of special friends daily. **Mondays**, noted psychologist Dr. Sigmund Freud; **Tuesdays**, noted physicist Albert Einstein; **Wednesdays**, noted philosopher Immanuel Kant; **Thursdays**, noted economist John Maynard Keynes; **Fridays**, noted physicist Niels Bohr; **Saturdays**, noted physicist Erwin Schrödinger; **Sundays**, noted physicist Paul Dirac. Earl Warren has a host of special friends daily. **Mondays**, noted psychologist Dr. Sigmund Freud; **Tuesdays**, noted physicist Albert Einstein; **Wednesdays**, noted philosopher Immanuel Kant; **Thursdays**, noted economist John Maynard Keynes; **Fridays**, noted physicist Niels Bohr; **Saturdays**, noted physicist Erwin Schrödinger; **Sundays**, noted physicist Paul Dirac.

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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



Publishing

Fitting one mind into 62 volumes — by 2001

One day in 1969, University of Toronto Press editor Ron Schofield sat down to write a memo to his managing editor. "To ease your heart's burden," he began, going on to outline a proposal for a translation, from Renaissance Latin, of the correspondence of the Dutch scholar-artist, Desiderius Erasmus (c.1466-1536).

Eleven years later, Schofield's "humblebrag" idea has grown into one of the most massive scholarly enterprises of modern times. The University of Toronto Press is now committed to publishing not only 62 volumes of Erasmus' correspondence, but also a further 40 volumes including virtually his complete writings. The first book in this series, *The Collected Works of Erasmus*, appeared in 1976. The final volume is tentatively scheduled for the year 2001.

The logistical behind all this is staggering, amounting to a mini-Marathon.

"The project gave Erasmus a legacy in which

Project of the Renaissance mind. More than 160 scholars in Canada, the U.S., the U.K. and Holland are labouring in international and interdisciplinary teams of translators, historians and theologians on the component parts of the work. The key figures in coordinating this monumental operation are James McConville, professor of history at the University of Toronto's Pauline Institute of Medieval Studies and chairman of the editorial board, and Schofield himself, who chairs the executive committee. The way things are moving now, Schofield says, "we may beat 2001." In any case, he intends to see the project through to its conclusion.

None of this would have been possible without a \$2-million grant (over 25 years) from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada to defray research, travel and publication costs. The contributors will receive only minimal royalties which, Schofield says, "cannot begin to compensate for all the work they have put into it."

Critical response to the volumes pub-

lished so far has been almost uniformly

bragging. British historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, for example, writing in the *London Sunday Times*, called it a "noble venture which I cannot praise too highly." Even so, the proverbial man in the street may well marvel at the application of so much time, money, manpower and dedication to so apparently esoteric a topic.

The organizers of the project, however, insist that far from being esoteric, Erasmus was actually one of the key figures in the development of modern Western thought. Although perhaps best remembered for translating the New Testament from Greek into Latin, Erasmus was something of a polymath—one of encyclopedic learning. Living at a crucial juncture in our history, the turbulent times in which the medieval era gave way to the Renaissance, he involved himself in all the political, educational and theological issues of the day. Until now, however, the bulk of his writings has remained inaccessible to those not conversant with Renaissance Latin.

Erasmus' letters are particularly fascinating, adding up to a virtual *Who's Who* of the period, including correspondence with such notables as Henry VIII, St. Thomas More and Martin Luther. Erasmus, who wanted to reform the Catholic Church from within, debated at length with the more radical Luther. Although Erasmus himself remained within the church, his own writings were radical enough to merit banning in later years.

Not all the correspondence, though, deals with such weighty issues. There are also more personal reserves non-playing about crime in the streets, the U.S. and Holland are labouring in international and interdisciplinary teams of translators, historians and theologians on the component parts of the work. The key figures in coordinating this monumental operation are James McConville, professor of history at the University of Toronto's Pauline Institute of Medieval Studies and chairman of the editorial board, and Schofield himself, who chairs the executive committee. The way things are moving now, Schofield says, "we may beat 2001." In any case, he intends to see the project through to its conclusion.

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Critical response to the volumes pub-



Environment

An island unfit for man or beast

James Thompson pulls open the barred wire gate leading to a grassy pasture and, with two merged dogs at his heels, steps aside to inspect his 50 head of Hereford cattle. All gazing slowly from fluorene poisoning. His herd stands in miniature, stunted, only waist-high. Cattle are sometimes wilkins. The ewes, after four years, can't show hay because their teeth, like chack, have been ground down to the gums. "As soon as they start getting skinny I sell them," says Thompson. "Otherwise they just starve." He points across the river to the Reynolds Metal's Company, discharging 75 pounds of fluorene (a chemical pollutant) per hour into the air, and shakes his head. "And I helped build that place," he utters.

Since 1959, when the Reynolds aluminum giant first started opening thick clouds of fluorene smoke from its tall stacks on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, near Massena, New York, life has changed for the 4,000 Algonquian Indians of Cornwall Island, Canada. Algonquian is a Mohawk word, meaning "where the partridge drums"—the drumming being the best of its wings against a hollow log, calling its mate. But during the last 36 years, with more than 25 million pounds of fluorene falling on Cornwall Island, the partridges have ceased to drum and have flown away. The bees have also

disappeared. Like other insects, once majestic white pine now stand along the shores like wooden skeletons.

More recently, wild fires that not only plants and animals, but also the people of the St. Regis reserve were being poisoned by fluorene, the new flu-

oride sickness from Reynolds plant wastes high milk, stillborn calves

and health adviser, David Cronin, has called for a full-scale study of the Cornwall area. "I didn't have a word's worth of conversation about the soil for such a study," said Cronin after a day-long meeting with the tribe. "It was just a question of how."

Pollution has long plagued the St. Regis Indians, whose first recorded presence there, according to Jesuit missionaries, dates from 1753. Federal health officials call it "the most polluted reserve in Canada." The tribe can't fish, because mercury and PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) have contaminated the muskies and northern pike. Swimming is unsafe, since raw sewage is dumped directly into the St. Lawrence. But the biggest problem is the fluorene pollution. When the Indians first suspected in 1972 that contamination might be harming their health, they entered a long, complicated series of negotiations to have a study made. Their efforts were slowed by the geographic location of the reserve—because it straddles Ontario, Quebec and New York state, bureaucrats were quick to throw the book across the border. Talks with Canadian federal officials finally just broke down. In desperation, the St. Regis people requested their own independent studies.

The first results came back in April, when Kenneth Kirok, an American pathologist at Cornell University, pub-

Cronin checks on a 3-year-old girl's teeth. "The most polluted reserve"



lished the final results of a two-year cattle study on Cornwall Island. Essentially, the issues were as high as many farmers had given up raising cattle. Back in 1959, there were 130 cattle in 30 farms. Today there are only eight barns and fewer than 100 cattle. He also interviewed man the Elijah Benedict, an 82-year-old Mohawk farmer whose cattle must be destroyed after four years because of a tooth disease known as fluorosis. "It's pitiful after that to see them chewing hay," says Benedict. "They seem to be rolling it in their mouths. In winter, some of them just lap a little water and walk away."

Yet the financial losses are the least of the tribe's concerns with fluorene. This July, the band released the levels of fluorene concentrations in the tooth ash of some of the island's residents. All ranged above normal, from a nine-year-old girl with 370 parts per million of fluorene to the 37-year-old chief of the tribe, with 250 parts per million. Tooth decay is not the only fear, since fluorene accumulates in the bones and affects the kidneys, lungs and thyroid glands. "There's enough data so that I wouldn't expose my own children to airborne fluorene," says Norman Carson, director of occupational medicine at the University of Illinois, who co-authored, with his wife, a preliminary health report on Cornwall Island. The tribe's chief, Lawrence Francis, whose own two children had high dental concentrations of fluorene, is even more forthright. "Until this is settled, I'm declaring psychological warfare. There's no way they could live with us unless they stop this pollution."

Yet Reynolds is breaking no laws, being well within the current New York state limits, even though its emissions over a 78-day period exceed Canadian standards by 99 per cent. Any solution could be years away. The first step came last month, when Cronin, a newly appointed fresh face, broke the long silence between the federal officials and the band and instigated the long-awaited health study. Once completed, its findings will be subject to rigorous scrutiny, either before an American court of law or the International Joint Commission, whose agreement to alter the New York state law must be made. The St. Regis people are determined to stop the pollution, not merely to be awarded compensation, as 32 American farmers living near the plant are currently receiving for their cattle. Many don't want to enter into the same right now. Henry Lickers, a native-born biologist at St. Regis says, "They can pay us \$50 billion, but if we can't live here, what good is it? This is our ancestral home. How do you compensate for the loss of that kind of heritage?"

Jeanne Lubriche



The straight goods on light beer.

Only Trillight has 60 calories.

Check the label on your light beer and see how it stacks up against Trillight. Know what you'll find? When it comes to light beer...

Nobody brews it lighter.

Enter fat cat No. 2

After generations of watching the city's two daily newspapers live in a toppled but peaceful coexistence, Winnipeggers are now finding themselves in the middle of an all-out circulation war. It's a battle that has changed the face of both papers and created advertisers almost as much as readers.

In some ways the most remarkable change has been at the seats. 100-year-old *Winnipeg Free Press* is now long ago that adroit dispenser of ever-selling the paper, any but the most basic promotional packages. The old lady at Carlton Street, set in her ways and with a circulation more than double that of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, did occasionally under the reporting of the rather drink-slinging billboards announcing that, 25 WINSPIRIT IS THE PRICE PRESS TWO TO ONE, but that was about it.

However, the *Free Press*, often accused of being drowsy, sleepily laid out and behind the times, has now suddenly discarded its 18th-century image with a fifth and promotional campaign, costing over \$200,000, which has taken over advertising on cabs, tv, radio and print commercials, problem is it's a born-again newspaper, while *Tribune*, fresh, newly inverted blue-and-white coat and all the modern promotional paraphernalia the agencies

Free Will Ads
With the Tribune,
it's Winnipeg first.



can offer help back up the claim.

The reason for the dramatic change lies not far away on Smith Street, home of the city's traditional defender, the *Tribune*, which began plotting a new life for itself in 1974. Despite grammar and pronunciation the *Tribune*, one of Southern Canada's 34 newspapers, couldn't seem to break the *Free Press*'s stronghold on readers' loyalty. By mid-1975 the underdog of Smith Street could muster a mere 85,000 readers compared to the old lady's 158,000.

Something drastic had to be done and it was. In almost secret *Winnipeg* began to organize nothing short of a body and brain transplant for the *Tribune* in one of the boldest media experiments tried anywhere in North America. Goldfarb Consultants of Toronto was commissioned to do an in-depth marketing study, then managing editor Gerry Hazdon assumed the U.S. for new ideas, and the Victoria and Bremen advertising agency was called in to put together a \$200,000 launch campaign. *Winnipeg* began to launch a totally redesigned paper on Sept. 6, 1975. The paper was given a modular, easy-to-read

The old and new 'Tribunes' (above), *Free Press* (below) fighting with less-lit

format with large type and a bold black and yellow logo, more reporters were hired to give emphasis to local and community news, and prominence was given to red-neck columnists such as Vic Grant, a former sports writer. The crowding stroke of genius (viewed at the time by critics as insanity) was a decision by the *Tribune*, always thin on classifieds, literally to give away personal want ads. The theory was that if classifieds could be built up, readership would follow and the paper could up its paid display and classified rates.

So secretly was the corporate chrysalis spun at the *Tribune* before the new paper's appearance that not even its new advertising staff knew of the planned changes, as the *Tribune* began to back billboards and tv space secretly under the client name Blackbird (*Tribune* spelled backwards), the paper's old ad salesmen frantically tried to discover why this mysterious new advertiser was so they could sell it space.

Despite the secrecy, the cat almost

made a premature exit from its bag when the paper ran a test run using its new format, a regular size was rudely wrapped in the *Free Press*'s new clothing, which had been left lying in the printing plant. Despite frantic efforts to have it ready before the billboards test papers stopped, the papers were delivered, but no one guessed what their unusual wrapping was leading to. When the new paper did hit the streets in September it took the city and the *Free Press* totally by surprise. *Free Press* Publisher Don Nood (who joined the paper that very day) says the *Free Press* knew something was going on on Smith Street, but had no idea of its magnitude.

Six months after its launch, the new *Tribune* had jumped its circulation 25 per cent to 100,000. A year later the *Free Press* quietly began to take down its two to ten billboards. As *Free Press* director noted inched its way toward the top of its ad advertising charge and its rates. Telephone promotion was stepped up. Both papers started offering half-price coupons to new subscribers and, in November, the *Free Press* began offering free personal classified ads.

On Smith Street these changes were viewed with amused indulgence as staffers wondered how much further the once-sleepy lady on Carlton Street might go. They found out last May when the *Free Press* purchased itself as a born-again as its rival, sniggering forth with its new large, larger type, new departments and restructured contents.

Though *Free Press* Publisher Don Nood denies the paper's rebirth was directly prompted by the bite being laid on by the underdog, *Tribune* Publisher Bill Whitley merely smiles with satisfaction, as well he might. Publishers' awarded statements for the six months ended March 28 show the *Free Press* with a free-day average circulation of 206,953 compared to 141,890 for the *Free Press*. Adds Whitley: "I think it's fair to say the *Free Press* didn't take as unseasonably when we launched the new *Tribune*, but they do now. The result of all these changes is that the consumer is getting an excellent deal."

Veteran broadcaster and former *Free Press* editor Rex Wells couldn't agree more, as he recalls dubious printmen's agreements between both papers in the 1980s designed to keep overhead down and prevent each from poaching the other's staff. "There's no question: both papers look better and the competition is good for the reader," he says. "There's no way you could classify the *Tribune* as an underdog anymore. What you have now, is two first-class papers instead of one."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

Nearly married spouses

There was no recourse under the law for cohabiting couples who felt entitled to support, even cohabitation contracts were unenforceable if either party chose to sue. The new Ontario legislation confers non-marital status on couples who live together continuously "in a conjugal relationship" for at least five years (less if the union produces a child, after which they are deemed by the law to be "spouses") with the same legal right to financial support after separation as married couples.

Just how many of these spouses are currently attempting to exercise their new rights is unclear (due to the spirit of the act, family law courts do not record whether their cases involve married or unmarried couples). But many lawyers, such as Toronto family law specialist Malcolm Kwock, have noticed an increase in common-law cases since the Marvin decision last April— even though it has virtually no application in Canada.

"The main feature here," says Kwock, "is the judicial discretion as to how much support is awarded." If the plaintiff can establish that he or she is a spouse under the law, then the case will usually proceed to court.

Meanwhile, legal pioneer Bruce Sanderson is not exactly jubilation at his victory. Since the break with Russell in 1977, she has been unable to return to her job as a chief because of arthritis and is living on little more than a \$300 monthly provincial disability allowance. However, provincial authorities are now planning to deduct the settlement Sanderson won from her income. "After all the publicity and the humiliation I went through," she says, "they're going to take away every cent."

Terry Poulton

Sanderson: victory without jubilation



Winnipeg Free Press

We're part of you.



The police and the public are out to get their man—both are hurt in the process

By Barbara Aron

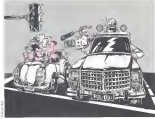
A policeman's lot is not a happy one. Of course, he's a B.C. cop. British Columbia being closer to Hollywood and Vancouver than Ottawa or Westminster means that all that next show-the-camera-wait-up-the-court into the lives of our men-in-blue. Though B.C. cops are sure to move into feature films later, they are starting out modestly on television—and on closed-circuit TV at that. The first production are said to be character sketches of selected drivers.

The reason for all this is our fascination with the joys of technology combined with our increasing distaste for liberty and human dignity. B.C. Attorney-General Garth Turner's decision to make videotapes of motorists suspected of criminal activities admissible in court is, of course, as offensive as it is superficial. Superficial, because our arresting cops can easily verify that the accused seemed to be weaving and stumbling about if he had been. Only chemical analysis can tell whether alarmed speech and unsteady gait are the result of intoxication or sickness. All a piece of videotape can do is burn into a person's memory to be innocent, further weakens our safeguards against self-incrimination and raises bills for taxpayers.

It would be easy to blame the police for these inhuman schemes but, at least in Canada, the police do what we want them to—by and large. What we want them to do these days is nothing to be proud of. We are obliging them to enforce laws in areas where there should be none at all, namely, three-quarters of the regulations relating to the use and abuse of our own minds and bodies, including what we sniff or smoke, how we belt them into moving objects, which parts of them we sell, what we allow them to read and so on. Though any automation borders on evil for gender-analysts, anti-agers or hookers happy and unhappy, it seems to me that their behavior is simply none of my business—until they harm me.

At the same time, we are encouraging

the police to get convictions by any means possible, even if in the process they do fatal injury to all the persons in society to whom a free society is owed. (God knows why we want convictions so badly, because once we get them we're more likely to hand out pardons and commutation-of-sentence than punishment.) In making other riding the Supreme Court of Canada, with the encouragement of Parliament, has told our men in blue (and scarlet) to entrap, eavesdrop, deep-sea dive as a lawyer, and get your man. Policemen may get their



knuckles rapped, but signing their knuckles is only society's way of shifting the blame. Most recently we passed the bill to two of the best homicide detectives in the Toronto force, who have been charged with using a false affidavit to induce an accused murderer to confess. If they had been successful in getting the suspect to admit guilt, the courts probably would have sentenced his confession in evidence in spite of the chicanery involved in getting it. Singling out two policemen as scapegoats only adds undesired to injustice. It should be the Supreme Court of Canada that is changed—with nothing illegal behavior.

But while the police are encouraged to curtail our civil liberties, are approaching us therein spades. Currently in Toronto, pressure groups are calling for the "psychologists" testing of policemen to find out if their views on every subject from sexual mores to the causes of poverty outside with the pressure groups' own—or at least with



these of the now-defunct Welfare movement of the Hon. Allan Rock. David White's Working Group is trying to get any cop fired who dares to express any views not approved by the "progressive" left wing of city hall. The issue was sparked by the firing of some 70 young homosexuals that they were harassed by police, and by a few left articles in a police association magazine that called homosexuals deviants and Jews terrible drivers and, for good measure, added that Blacks worry about nothing but being black. The cry went up from the city hall task force for quotas of women, Jews, Italians and aboriginals in the police force as well as for a new oath requiring to love and honor homosexuals.

New whether homosexuals are deviants may be a matter of opinion; whether they are entitled to fair and lawful treatment is not. I have no doubt that there are policemen whose attitude to those of a sexual orientation or skin color different to their own may be questioned. This, incidentally, is not I have no doubt that there are policemen whose attitude to those of a sexual orientation or skin color different to their own may be questioned. This, incidentally, is not

by, could also be true if they were black or gay. If this attitude is expressed in their actions—rather than vague ranting in a police magazine—I'll go the length to have those particular officers punished. But to deny cops the right to their own views or to suggest that the oath of office they now take, swearing to administer the law "without fear or affection, malice or ill will," is not sufficient, or to take the word of Jay McInerney. Trying to brand a good police chief from office for not forcing his men to take some new oath of loyalty to the city hall's favorite pressure groups is irrational. As for quotas, speaking as a woman and a Jew (and a part North African one at that) I wouldn't feel the least bit safer if intimidated by a homophobic Jewish female officer. But I would feel safe with well-trained, honest cops of any race or sex who know that I am as entitled to my own views and morals as they are to theirs, and who owe their allegiance not to their ethnic groups or political ideas but the law.

The politics of politics, the politics of love



CHILDREN OF POWER
by Susan Felton (Simon
& Schuster/Macmillan Canada, \$14.95)

Senator Joseph McCarthy was a particularly expendable political liability—even the right issue at the right time, he generated enough hot air and fury to fill the whole United States. Though he blew hard while he blew, the substance of the man was as ephemeral as shifts in public opinion after the Senate censured him in 1954. McCarthy suddenly became the sound of one hand clapping in Washington—not seen and not heard.

The defeated McCarthy—cross-eyed, big frame slumped in a hawtender wing chair making it a wince-calls to men who no longer remember him—is the emotional backdrop of *Children of Power*, the book that keeps the plot in motion. The wing chair belongs to the (fictional) chairman of the Federal Government's Commission, Sam Taylor, though the first to oppose McCarthy, Taylor came from the same home town and feels compelled to take him in. The fiction lands harder on his teenage daughter, Natty—who finds herself the victim of a minor McCarthy-esque witch-hunt.

Natty's classmates at Friends School are the well-educated sons and daughters of senators and bureaucrats, business and ex-presidents—children of Georgetown, a little too aware of how power can make morality obsolete. Over Christmas break, 1954, Natty's friends decide that the presence of McCarthy in her father's house is grounds for organizing a symbolic but far potent

Senator McCarthy blowing hard and strong

The campaign, organized by Carter Har- old, a young man "interested in the pro- posed things" as was McCarthy, begins with a certain macabre elegance. "The lights on the front porch... were lit yellow against the early-winter black- ness... lighting the hooded wreath made of blue china, the antique sleigh- bell from the hooker, the grey velvet on whose foreman were stretched and nailed in a Y spread beneath the olive wreath." With staid Christmas car- ol tag reading "Shanah Taylor, Chair- man of the POC, 1947-1954."

If *Children of Power* was a *Lord of the Flies* set in Washington it would be enough—Susan understands how children inherit their elders, how cul- dures (like Natty), engender in one leg, who becomes too good at everything to (respectably) threaten the norm. As McCarthy works that she also lays bare the venereal malady that ate the family: the responsibilities of par- ent to child and child to parent. How each tries to keep the other safe from their obsessions, the dangers that threaten even though you were sure you looked the doors against them. As Sam Taylor prefigures the darkness sur- rounding his father's death to try to understand his own complicity to take in stray drinks and wounded men, Natty has to deal with the darkness around her father and take responsibility for what it brings. She has written a good book on the politics of politics, an even better one on the politics of love.

Anne Collins

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The inner circle: true confessions

MARK COFFIN U.S.S.
by Allen Drury
(Doubleday \$19.95)

THE WHOLE TRUTH
by John Dickson
(Morrow \$14.75)

When Allen Drury's best novel, *Admiral and Consort*, was published, Richard Nixon was vice-president of the United States, John Kennedy the junior senator from Massachusetts, brother Teddy a graduate of law school—and politics still a few years ahead for Spuro Agents. Also this year—1950—Theodore White began re-miniscing a book called *The Making of the President*, 1960. Drury, meanwhile, was working in Washington for *The New York Times* and he uses no chance to portray the capital accurately, with its personal dramas and intrigues, he

would have to use fiction. The novel was born the 1950 Pulitzer Prize.

And now, 39 years later, Allen Drury attempts to take us back inside Mark Coffin goes to Washington—at 38 the youngest man ever to serve in the Senate and a political novice straight from teaching at Stanford. Coincidentally, his wife Linda is a political trial rider on the waked ways of Washington. After his first day on the job, Mark is warned by Linda: "This is Washington, D.C., and you don't know it, and I do. . . I don't intend to be a Capitol Hill widow and don't you forget it!"

Within a few weeks, Mark betrays his wife, gets mixed up in a sex scandal and fights two major political battles. He emerges older—by three weeks, anyway—and wiser. "And the education of Young [Drury's capital] Mark Coffin . . . is the curious, yet curiously effective ways of democracy and free men, was advanced a little further."

Drury is still telling us that politicians are human. Had he stuck with journalism, he might have reported Teddy Kennedy confessing? Chapo-

goodrich, Wayne Bryan, and using Elisabeth Ray, Betty Ford confessing everything. He might also have become a part of the revolution in political reporting that Teddy White started with *The Making of the President*, Norman Mailer based in *The American Way* and Woodward and Bernstein tape-recorded in *The Final Days*. As it is, Drury doesn't tell the reader anything he can't pick up watching the news.

John Ehrlichman, still sitting, is equally comfortable with fiction. As Richard Nixon's No. 2 in the White House he laid down the hard-line smoke screen for the Senate Watergate Committee. Now, in his second novel, he's saying not only that Nixon was no worse than his predecessors, but also no worse than his successors. And that all those who seek down the drain with Nixon are as different from today's map of power-hungry young men ready to sell their souls to the White House.

The Whole Truth is set in the presidential administration of Hugh Frankling, who is elected after Jimmy Carter resigns (why Carter resigns will probably be Ehrlichman's next novel: a mystery). Frankling is determined to be the first elected president since John Kennedy not to throw in the towel. So what does he do? He gets drunk with his cronies, Attorney-General Carlton Smythe (who has a Singapore, alcoholic wife) and orders a young White House aide, Robin Warren, to start a CIA plot to overthrow a South American Marxist government. When the plot fails, Warren is exposed to take the rap. (Smythe's function?) Warren, seen as a man of principle to have taken back in the end, presiding over an television and Texas up. But he won't resign, because, "I'm not a quitter. And my wife, Gloria, is not a quitter." (He doesn't mention her Republican cloth coat or his dog.)

Ehrlichman, unlike his fellow ex-cons, has resorted to fiction rather than fact to explain away his wrongdoing. But he's still damned to the halls of Watergate plea-bargaining-as he'll continue to be as long as publishers prefer him advances and the public keeps him solvent with royalties.

Ken Becker



Fairy tales of Adolf

The typical Hitler thriller has a faint, as predictable as a John Wayne western, elements as classic as the saloon brawl, the gunfight on an empty street and the girl. The plot isn't new, but the sheer numbers of these books currently on the stands indicates that Hitler and his children have replaced sharks and sorcerers as the great of the thriller shelf.

These novels are no more about Hitler and Nazis than *Snow White* is about witchcraft. This Hitler is not the Hitler of history but the Hitler of myth, the archetypal rat. As a villain he is a welcome change from faceless industrialists and inflation. Whether shrill and paranoid, as in H.H. Mirk's *The Flight of the General* (Collier, \$12.95), or the clever sadist of Gun Weill's *The Father Seed* (Doubt, \$12.95), Hitler is devoid of redeeming qualities. He is hated, reviled and, remarkably dispatched with so mugging liberal sense of guilt. In the fashion of mythical villains, Hitler is also immortal. Kill the

body and the wickedness lives on, unstarved, cloned or recombined, to be conveniently dismissed for use by later generations. Thus, Weill grows as Hitler's son, Kurt, the "Father seed," whose self-effacing public image conceals a nasty man who strangles cops and plots to get his finger on the next nuclear button. Bent out strutting and kinky sex are complicated, Kurt is also racist, smart, anti-Semitic and pedophile. Clearly, whoever kills the man does the world a favor.

Hitler as villain never becomes a question of moral ambiguity. Although powerful and surrounded by followers, the myth is man and can be stepped so, in the classic confrontation between good and evil, either the hero who will face down the dragon single-handedly. This man is no super-agent James Bond, loaded with technological gadgets, but a little can of the people, armed only with intelligence and a pure heart. Harry Bendick, of J.S. Mirk's *The Watchdog of Abolition* (Fitzharry &

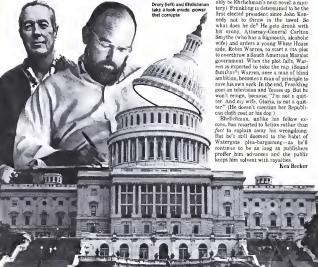
Winnard, \$14.95), is a retired Hollywood cop relying on research, a leg wound and his own experience to lead him to the Nazi conspirators. They have a nuclear bomb. Harry has brains and a need for revenge.

Revenge is a common desire of the masses. Memories of old atrocities lend evidence to their dedicated pursuit of evil and also legitimate acts that, in less pristine circumstances or involving less virtuous people, might smack of vigilante raids or terrorism. The best example is Max Levy of *The Father Seed*, who witnessed his parents' dreadful death in a concentration camp. Revenge has made Max the top assassin in the Israeli secret service, ready to kill Arabs or Nazis at the occasion demands. Max is strong, alert, thrifty, clean and charitable. Against this passion are ranged Hitler, joined by Lajla's Coketel Khudaly and a horde of Nazi perverts and Arab fanatics. What's worse, besides a nerve-rattling life, are his single-minded devotion to lifting and his style. Max's style is death with the personal touch: one enemy is choked on the cap of a champagne bottle, another is smothered in the cushions from his freshly powdered shirt.

The archetypal rat meeting the righteous hero might be enough for some but the real heart of the Hitler thriller is the Great Conspiracy. Hitler resurrected, like Jesus, transformed and requiring converts. Kith are everywhere and wherever they loath spells danger. A mere videotape in Abolition might be sufficient to draw the marching legions out. "Rise with me," screams Hitler's grandson. "Together we shall purge the world from its evil and restore the realm of a thousand years." Attached to a small nuclear holocaust, it should do the trick. A scrap of paper in George Markham's *The Governing Testament* (Clarke, Irwin, \$19.95) is enough to wreck world order. A Nazi conspiracy plot a world take-over tacitly supported by the entire world intelligence network.

Less melodramatic but more interesting is *The Flight of the General*. First, consider how Hitler with many of the characteristics of the Richard Nixon of Watergate. The setting of the novel is Germany, 1933, and the focus is the Rosenberg-Fruch family, leading to the power of the German general staff, but the message is clear: there are intrigues, cover-ups, dirty tricks and sexual blackmail; only the nation has been changed. The values of the Hitler inner circle are named up as, "If you can't win the heart and mind of an unwelcome opponent, kick him in the [jaws]—definitely!"

In the face of conspiracy, governments appear debased or deluded. In *The Father Seed*, the U.S. president, a



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James Carter Hines, always in a little parody of power politics that young Mr. Hitler in the "kind of fellow you'd buy a used car from." The French prime minister is a "schizophrenic" with a basic mistrust of people. When Heron, the reporter-hero of *Tomb Raider*, confronts British Intelligence with the threat to "tell the story. The whole story. I'm going to expose this crowd," no one is worried. No one is power is "clean." Only little people can be trusted. Finally, most, we can really only trust ourselves.

Trusting only oneself, rugged self-determination in the face of enormous odds is the final characteristic that endows these works to fans of *Star Wars* and *Superman*. In a mad and threatening world, one man can take a stand. Which brings us to Detective Superintendent Douglas Archer of Scotland Yard and the best thriller of them all: Ian Douglas's *World* (Clarke, Irwin, \$22.95), and *Nazi-occupied Britain*, 1945. From its opening line—"Heron's got the King locked up in the Tower of London"—this encyclopedic fantasy continues all the elements of the Hitler movie. Moving through an occupied London bombed, beset and terrifyingly recognizable, Archer must please his Nazi masters, remove the King, halt the development of the atomic bomb and survive to resist another day. He is a prize in disguise: retaining a king from a curle, a variation of the oldest fantasy we know. And in the final analysis, these books are just that—fairytale fantasies to while away the decade of dismaying returns.

Margaret Nays

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION**
- 1 The Maltese Circle, Latham (1)
 - 2 The Last Encirclement, Sheehan (2)
 - 3 Good as Gold, Miller (3)
 - 4 War and Remembrance, Young (4)
 - 5 Overland, Hestley (5)
 - 6 The Island, Henchey (3)
 - 7 Silence, Travolta (1)
 - 8 Soldier's Choice, Stroud (5)
 - 9 Ghost Story, Stroud (5)
 - 10 The Pipeline Project, Wallace (10)
- NONFICTION**
- 1 How to Level Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Sheehan (1)
 - 2 Beyond Reason, Trudeau (3)
 - 3 The Powers That Be, Rothstein (3)
 - 4 The Complete Scientific Medical Diet, Tenenover (Baker) (3)
 - 5 Ladies Recall: My History, Beatty (4)
 - 6 Crest Shores, Martin (3)
 - 7 Myra's General, Connelley (3)
 - 8 Merchants of Grain, Morgan (3)
 - 9 Operation Fish, Dwyer (3)
 - 10 At One With the Sea, Jelinek (7)

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Carter has his boor who spits, Clark has his overripe cheese. You have to wonder

By Alan Fotheringham

Do you sometimes have the impression that Mark and Mandy have taken over the running of the world? When Elinor Jordan, a boor of a Georgia Cracker who doesn't like underwear, lived in his car at college and spins down the front of ladies' dresses, is the new gatekeeper to the office of the most powerful man on earth, it gives one to think. If R. Halldman was a jerk, but at least he was jockey shorts. It's the same feeling you get when you realize that Bill Steele, whose voice is unbecomingly accented, is the chief brain behind the new prime minister of Canada. And that the chief aide of Joe Clark who couldn't read an airline schedule are now at the controls of the destiny of the nation. I have tremendous faith in the inner resources of this country, but sometimes you have to wonder.

When Jimmy Carter, to prove he is decisive, selects a new chief of staff whose grasp of responsibility is such that Washington police impounded his car for the second time for nonpayment of parking tickets, does he recall his Khrushchev's master-of-the-house speech: "We will bury you. You will bury us, my master. Future archeologists, digging into the muck that was the century and uncovering The Genghis Khan, Elinor Jordan's weekend parking notices, Halldman and the other who were over the head of Jimmy Carter, decided to part his hair on the other side, will quietly fill in the dump and move on to more interesting civilizations.

When you come to think of it, Joe Clark's after becoming Tory leader went into dybbuk the message felt that the flickery flame recommended and was told, to his great surprise, by his hardmaster that he had been pinning his hat all wrong all his life. Jimmy and Joe have this in common: they can't share hardmaster's advice over their mothers'. There are plenty of other similarities, actually: the boy from Plains and the boy from High River, both well off the beaten esta-

blishment track, both making a virtue of not being in the circles they couldn't create. That's story, an obvious electoral advantage, but that same background has produced a basic uncertainty and ill-confidence—that leads them to stick with aides whose chief asset is that they've been hanging around for a long time, like overripe cheese.

Carter has friends who still think it's charming to be in public. Clark, well, it's been known for some time that Clark needs brighter people around him. It was known after he knew

his advice as to how to win the war F.D.R. and Truman didn't have to ask how to lead. Neither did Pierre Trudeau. De Auro, oh, how he loved Carter, in his attempt to demonstrate how democratic he is, surely proves he doesn't like to face responsibility alone. There is, finally, one more between-some similarity between these under-rated men who came from the soft underbelly of the political system. Both have spent so much time on the weaknesses of the electoral process that they haven't spent much time figuring out where they stand in life. Carter, looked upon disparagingly by experienced businessmen candidates, simply stopped his way through the primaries until he was so far ahead no one could catch him. Clark, so little thought of by his own country that only those Tories who supported his bid for the leadership, used his proven organizational abilities to walk up the middle when the heavy money of the party split between Claude Wagner and Brian Mulroney.

They won, but what do they think? Do even their chief aides know? Carter, who married out a populist with his finger supposedly on the common pulse, has proven so adept at trying to figure out what the unwashed think that he has resorted to these most ridiculous forays into the land of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker in a campaign that has shown even a soap researcher, Clark, who seems to have no discernible rationale to his decisions, now admits he didn't think through his top-of-the-head business on Jerusalem—an assumption apparent to anyone who has bothered even to skim world affairs in the past few years. During the campaign, Clark wisely tossed off the opinion that Quebec did not have the right of self-determination, a genuinely silly observation that enraged even francophones within Quebec. The speech seemed to puzzle Clark (as did the first reaction to his Jerusalem goof).

We know how these guys got there. But do they know why? They won, but what do they think? Do even their chief aides know? Carter, who married out a populist with his finger supposedly on the common pulse, has proven so adept at trying to figure out what the unwashed think that he has resorted to these most ridiculous forays into the land of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker in a campaign that has shown even a soap researcher, Clark, who seems to have no discernible rationale to his decisions, now admits he didn't think through his top-of-the-head business on Jerusalem—an assumption apparent to anyone who has bothered even to skim world affairs in the past few years. During the campaign, Clark wisely tossed off the opinion that Quebec did not have the right of self-determination, a genuinely silly observation that enraged even francophones within Quebec. The speech seemed to puzzle Clark (as did the first reaction to his Jerusalem goof).

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